YANKEE DOINGS

VOL. IX, NO. 3 YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION MARCH, 1928

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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

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SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION.

$1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Editor

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

One dollar of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

WHAT IS THERE IN IT?

I was talking with a YD man the other day and asked why he did not join the Club and he said, "Of what use is it? You have to be in the gang to get any benefit out of belonging. That five dollars will purchase a couple of good seats at a show for the wife and me. What do they do for you? Show me where belonging to this outfit will be of any earthly use to me and I'll join up."

Now a chap of this type is to be found the world over. He wants something in return for his money and, in all sincerity, can you blame him? He is a salesman and was trying to sell me some paper, so I gave him a little illustration of one of the benefits to be found in being a member of the Club—at least as I see it.

It had been our custom for many years to buy our paper from one of the large paper houses of Boston, and one day a chap of the 102nd Artillery dropped in the office and we hashed over old days, became quite chummy and in the end he walked out with a sizable contract for our yearly supply of paper. It pays to invest five dollars in the Club—purely from a business standpoint as well as an ideal place to while away a few hours when time is hanging heavy on one's hands.

—"DIABLO" (M)

O MR. EDITOR

By Fuller P. Nard (M)

You promised to can it, yet finally ran it,
No doubt with a criminal's tear.
You emptied the bucket where often you'd chuck it:
"Only a Volunteer."

So Ralph must be tickled. Perhaps got you pickled,
Quite pie-eyed on pinard or beer,
And then resurrected his often-rejected
"Only a Volunteer."

It seems fully ages I've opened your pages
Obsessed by an ominous fear,
Surmising, moreover, that Ralph would put over
"Only a Volunteer."

I took me a vow, which I liquidate now,
If ever that screed should appear
To make it a show-down, presenting the low-down
On "Only a Volunteer."

I'm willing to wager that one sergeant-major
Could bluff out a full brigadier.
For Ralph's little joke has me laughing to choke:
He's Only an Engineer!

"THE CALVARY OF VERDUN"

General PASSAGA, whose pleasing personality is well remembered by those members of the YD Club who met him on his visit to this country last summer, has written a book entitled "The Calvary of Verdun." General Passaga was one of the immortal heroes of the tremendous conflict which raged around the fortress city in the days before America's entrance into the war.

A translation has been made into English, and Colonel PAUL NORTON (M) (104th Inf.) has already received a copy, which will be reviewed in the April issue of YANKEE DOINGS.

Copies of the book will be placed on sale at the Club, at a price to be announced later.

NOW WE HAVE A GOVERNOR

The Yankee Division has long had members in Congress, but to our knowledge, His Excellency NORMAN S. CASE (103rd M. G. Bn.), Governor of Rhode Island, is the first member of the old Division to become the chief executive of any state. He succeeded to the highest office upon the death of Governor Aram Pothier. YANKEE DOINGS offers best wishes.

Now let's have a YD President of the United States.

BACK NUMBERS OF YANKEE DOINGS

ELLIOTT K. HALE (M) (M. G. Co., 103rd Inf.) desires to obtain the following copies of YANKEE DOINGS in order to complete his file: every number of Volume I; Volume II, Number 4. If any member has more than one of any of these issues, and is willing to part with the extra one, please send it to the Editor.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Carl Sandberg, a literary modern among moderns, has written a poem, or whatever you wish to call it, entitled "A Contemporary Bunkshooter." Perhaps you have read it. We never have. The title alone is captivating in its power of suggestion. To paraphrase the one immortal saying of Tom Marshall, who might have amounted to something if he hadn't been Vice President, "What this country needs is an A-1 expert bunkshooter." Fair game for such a marksman abounds in such profusion that he should be able to bag a good quarry without exceeding the working hours prescribed by the Bunkshooters' Union. Whether he were to level his sights in Times Square or Okmulgee a target would unfailingly present itself.

* * * *

The most promising candidate in the field of aspirants for Bunkshooter Laureate is Mr. Henry L. Mencken, tales of whose prowess are told from Dayton, Tenn., to Boston Common. Unfortunately, in his fine frenzy for drawing a bead on every specimen of bunk which lifts its head above his distant horizon, Henry's trigger finger has developed the fidgets. He takes a pot shot at any and every institution with a degree of indiscriminate and wild abandon that leaves doubt of his sincerity. Our own belief is that his chief delight is in having people take seriously what he writes in jest.

* * * *

In times gone by this column has done a little sniping on army bunk. Pink whipcords and swagger sticks, condiment cans and brass hats. But army life is a poor piker in bunk output when stacked alongside the civilian variety.

* * * *

Look 'em over and weep. Beauty contests, insanity pleas, million dollar boxing purses, Tom Heflin, waffle shoppes, gown shoppes and all other shoppes, senatorial investigations, radio announcers, antique collectors, flagpole sitters, tabloid journals, companionate marriages, bohemia, joiners, high pressure salesmen, Rotary picnics, impressionist painters, ritzy ads, campaign promises, cigarette holders, chow dogs and Greek statuette radiator caps. Your up-to-date bunkshooter needs a Browning machine gun.

* * * *

All is not bunk. Even a bunkshooter must have ground to stand on. Truth and courage, sincerity and loyalty, love and life, work and play, beauty and faith remain. But these verities are overlayed and intertwined with so much sham, hypocrisy, cant, drivel and drool that they too are often pierced by the bunkshooter's arrows. Once in a while (but not often) we long to lie down on the bare earth under a leaky pup tent for the sheer reality of the thing.

* * * *

The day of hoop skirts, brown derbies, smelling salts, Rollo stories, wax flowers, swooning spells, limbs and jigsawed front porches has passed. Amen. But even today it is sometimes hard to see the forest because of the trees. No custom is good because it is old; no innovation is bad because it is new. To see straight, to distinguish the false from the true, subservience to custom from adherence to principle—these are the qualifications of the bunkshooter. And America is his land of opportunity.

A CIVIL WAR LETTER

The following is a letter written by a union "Doughboy" to his mother while he was in active service in 1863. It is interesting to read what he had to say and compare it with 1917–18. The letter was among a lot of others that ELLIOTT K. HALE (M) (103rd Inf.) ran across in his search for old postage stamps.

In Rear of Jackson, Miss.
July 1, 1863

DEAR MOTHER:

I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present, but have been very unwell but am a great deal better.

We expect a big battle at this place. Our forces have taken Port Hudson and Vicksburg and now we are fighting Old Johnston. We feel in hopes of catching the old bugger and we have pickets firing most of the time.

I don't know whether Grant means to raise a siege or not. Our army has been victorious this summer and the general run and mind of the folks is that the war will close this fall and I hope it will for I want to get home. It is not because I am homesick but because I want a chance to rest.

I heard that the army of the Potomac is doing well this summer. The regiment has been up to the front and lost one man and one Captain wounded in the thigh. I was not there as I was left with the regimental knapsacks for quard. We expect to go up in front tomorrow morning at 3 o'clock. Oh dear, I don't know what to write.

How are all the crops with you? I got letters from Martha Cross and Thirzo Cross and they are all well. I send my love to all. Good bye for this time. Hoping that God will be with you all.

From your son
T. C. Cross

THE VICTORY MEDAL

The little announcement carried in last month's paper that applications for the Victory Medal might be obtained at the YD Club brought forth such a demand that the supply has been exhausted. BILL SNYDER (M) has sent to Washington for more, which should be here by the time you are reading this.

LIKED OLD COVERS BETTER

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

Regarding the matter of "Raise Dues or Raze Doings," by all means raise dues if necessary. YANKEE DOINGS is far too small now.

I don't like the new covers nearly so well as the old ones. They make the paper look cheap as HARRY F. ALVORD (M) states in the last issue.

JOHN J. MEAGHER (M) had a good letter a few months ago under the heading "Edwards for President." I don't know of anyone I would rather see run and be elected than "Our Old Man."

—E. J. ZEIGLER (M)
(E Co., 103rd Inf.)

Carsonville, Mich.
February 27

APRIL SEVENTH!

It is probable that, by the time you are reading this, you will have received your application for tickets to the greatest party since Noah blew Recall and slammed the hatches of the ark.

Let this be a reminder to MAKE YOUR RESERVATION EARLY. No reservation will be guaranteed to any one making application after March 31, at 12.00 midnight by the clock on the Christian Science Church across the street.

As far as possible, the Committee will do its best to seat members with their own outfits, but if those who anticipate coming gum up the whole parade by holding out until the 11th hour and 59th minute, they will probably get a seat behind some large and reasonably opaque post.

Come prepared to spend the night of your lives. We're not going to tell you too much about the program, but any bimbo that can say that he hasn't had his money's worth when the curtain is rung down sometime between midnight and 6.00 p. g. will be a tough bird to satisfy.

There will be beaucoup chow; on the question of thirst quenchers we refuse to commit ourselves and trust in Providence; a few good speakers who will be limited as to time; some good, snappy band music; a little entertainment; and a whale of a lot of old-fashioned YD comradeship.

Get your application in the mail before you forget it, take a hitch in your suspenders; tie an identification tag with mailing address around your neck, and hit the trail for Boston.

Elks Hotel, April 7, 6.30 p.m., $3.00, informal dress. Y.D.V.A. members only.

Secret Instructions

To our code word experts a few words in private. The code word is APREMONT. The key looks like this:

A P R E M O N T B C D F G
H I J K L Q S U V W X Y Z

Y.D.V.A. Field Message

To: KBKJF LKLVK JQYUA KFXBH
From: UAKVH SOTKU WQLLP UUKK

XQTZA	VQFNH	JWAPK	NNHII	KJNLI
NHSXH	MMQUA	KJNPS	WMTXP	SZVTZ
MKJNH	SXNKJ	ZKHSU	NLHRQ	JZPBK
KHJPY	FQTAH	BKHFK	SUQZM	PLINK
QMXYH	WKNJQ	HJQMX	NQSZN	KHUZQ
QXWAQ	CAKHJ	NSHII	FLTNP	WHSXJ
KBPBK	QMXLK	LQJPK	NAPUU	AKUJH
PMYQJ	VKHSU	QCSQS	HIJPM	NKBKS
UAKNE	FPNUA	KMPLP	UMKUN	ZQ

SWEET ARE THE USES OF PUBLICITY

Our good friend Dan Rochford, Editor of Veteran Affairs and Aviation on the staff of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, gives YD affairs a great boost in the issue of February 18. The announcement of the Annual Meeting of the YD Club of Boston and of the Annual Convention of the Y.D.V.A. are reprinted from YANKEE DOINGS, as is also last month's editorial, "Between Ourselves." Best of all, however, is the illustrated article showing the Certificates of Service, signed by General Edwards, which are for sale at Y.D.V.A. headquarters. Thanks a lot, Dan.

The *Boston Traveler*, in the column known as "The Whirling Hub," quotes from our January number the objectives for the year 1928.

The *Portland Sunday Telegram*, in its issue of February 12, publishes a prominent article on the Overseas Memorial, with four illustratons. The articles outline the Memorial project and tells of the plans of the State of Maine men to raise their quota. Further details are given on the YD Overseas Memorial page.

The *American Legion Monthly* carries the announcement of the 104th Infantry Veterans Association that they are organizing to raise their quota of $10,000 toward the Overseas Memorial, and asks all 104th men to come to the aid of the Association.

AN ARMISTICE?

I have in the past criticized the Engineers and knocked the devil out of them on paper. This is the limit of my pugilistic desires in these days when one in quite happy dreaming of the past,—ten years ago,—it does not seem possible, and I feel like an old man when I see my youngster growing up and getting into mischief, but still the thoughts of yesterday are sweet with memories of good friendships made where a friend was a friend. More true friendships were made during the stirring days of ten years ago than ever have been made in time of peace. Even today one meets those good old boys who will do their utmost to give you a pleasant hour. Perhaps many will think I am a little miffed on the subject, but I do say, in all sincerity, that even at this late date the memories of years ago are vital in forming friendships which make the days seem more pleasant. Take our Editor-in-Chief, I never knew him at all save by name until I got after the Engineers and I have come to the conclusion that he is very decent chap—the only bad thing I know of him is that he was an Engineer, and you all fully realize that a first-class Doughboy could never condescend to lower himself to be real friendly with an Engineer. I regret that he was not an Artillery man, especially of the 102nd.

—"DIABLO" (M)

PLENTY FOR ALL

The greatest hit since the war. That just about sizes up the response to the Certificate of Service in the 26th Division, announced last month in YANKEE DOINGS.

Some are coming to the banquet and others are married, some solve code messages for a prize and others are wealthy, but every one, married or single, rich or poor, wants one of these certificates signed by "The Old Man." One man sends in for three: one for himself, one for his father, and one for his daughter. The first four days after the February issue of DOINGS was mailed, over 100 applications were received, each one chaperoned by two U. S. dollars.

Just as long as orders arrive we will fill them, even if it becomes necessary to print a million copies.

This certificate not only shows that you had the honor of serving in the best Division in France; it not only states —above the signature of the Commanding General—some vital facts concerning the record of the Division, but it is lithographed on the finest of heavy diploma paper, from a beautifully hand-lettered drawing.

A word to those who have already made application. Each certificate has to be signed by General Edwards, then your name must be lettered by an expert draftsman. This takes time, with orders coming in by the hundred. However, we will make this promise: every order which was received before March 1 will be filled before April 1. After that time orders will be filled as soon as received.

As an acknowledgment to those whose applications were received prior to March 1, their names are listed below. (Y.D.V.A. members not noted.)

WILLIAM WALLACE CRAPO
ELMER C. MATTHEWS
PETER SADY
GEORGE H. JOHNSON
LOUIS A. LANG, JR.
CLAYTON R. THORBURN
FREDERICK J. KESSLER
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LLEWELLYN S. HERRICK
S. GLEASON ALLEN (Dec'd)
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NATHAN COHEN
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GLEN C. MUIR
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EUGENE MINER KELCY
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FRANK C. DWYER
PERRY HEMAN ROGERS
DANIEL J. LACHAPELLE
CHARLES B. O'BRIEN
EDWIN E. MCCONNELL
J. H. ERNEST HOULE

AN ENTHUSIAST

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

My DOINGS arrived this afternoon and rest assured that I was again happy upon its arrival.

All members of my family read it from front to back and enjoyed it immensely, but this time they all proclaimed Page 8 the winner, and I was ordered to send in my $2.00 for said certificate, which I am doing herewith.

Keep YANKEE DOINGS doing something all the time, as it puts a kick into us old die-hards, especially when we read of our pals scattered West, South, East and North.

—WILLIAM P. ADAMS (M)
(102nd Amb. Co.)

Danbury, Conn.
February 20

YD GRAVE MARKERS

At company or regimental reunions have someone speak a word regarding the YD bronze grave markers which may be purchased at the Club. Many of the old outfits have purchased these markers from their company or regimental funds and placed them upon the graves of their deceased comrades.

There is no more dignified or suitable way of marking the spot where a comrade lies than to place above his head the symbol which meant most to him in life.

WHO MADE THE LONGEST HIKE?

By Charles A. O'Connor (M) (Hdqtrs. Co., 104th Inf.)

As a former member of Pioneer Section, Headquarters Company, 104th Infantry, the article "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," brought to mind details of a similar hike we made that same night.

I started a diary the day we left Westfield for France and kept it up while the War lasted and am willing to make affidavit that my notes, as they were originally entered, have neither been changed, added to, subtracted from, nor deleted and, valueless as they may be to anyone else, they are priceless to me as a memento of those days when we served our country in France. My notes of that period are these:

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12th.
Fair. Barbed wire work 24–2.
THURSDAY, JUNE 13th.
Beautiful. Move orders. Hike to Royaumeix without sleep. Left Raulecourt at 22. Arrived Royaumeix at 4. Exhausted. Hiked on toes for two miles.
FRIDAY, JUNE 14th.
Beautiful. Slept all day. Feet blistered.
SATURDAY, JUNE 15th.
Rain. Met Chaplain DANKER.
SUNDAY, JUNE 16th.
Beautiful. Town shelled at 9.30. Mass at 10.00. Danker and Andy hit. Slept in field. Rain at night. 11 killed; 27 wounded.
MONDAY, JUNE 17th.
Rain. Town deserted.

The night the writer speaks of, and I enjoyed his story very much, I and about 20 of my platoon under Sgt. MCCONNELL, were at Xivray—and immediately to anyone who was there—that name suggests something. In my humble opinion, it had the distinction of being the stinkingest dugout on the Western front. We were in a double dugout and that added to it. It was practically a double Latrine. It was too risky a place to venture out, even in the daytime: when one feels more security against shell fire—(why— I don't know). The Boche used to play upon that dugout incessantly with their Austrian 88's, with the accuracy of rifle fire.

A medical officer—LYONS, I think his name was, had sent some of the boys back, with "trench fever," they called it, just as they called it "bacon rash" in the cave at Soissons when the boys were blotchy, scruffy and itchy. I don't recall that we were over-fed on bacon up there.

It was with much satisfaction that we received orders that evening to report back to Raulecourt for relief. When we reached the Company, their packs were made up and we immediately fell in,—already tired out and moved away.

I agree with last month's writer—it was a hard hike. I thought I would flop any minute after we passed Boucq. (Incidentally, it may be stated right here that General Edwards many times hiked from there to the front line trenches and back the same day.) When, on that pitch dark road, my legging became untied and I had to leave ranks to tie it up,—that was almost the last straw! There was one other and that was making up the distance I had lost in that short period. I recall I felt like smashing the small soldier who plugged alongside of me doggedly and would not quit—Father BOYLE we called him—from his sophisticated mannerisms and remarks. He afterwards gave his life for his country.

I never saw crosser or crankier soldiers than that night, or rather that morning. They were not their usual selves. They had had no sleep at Xivray and perhaps for them the march was a little harder. My stockings broke through, my feet became blistered, and the blisters broke, all of which contributed but little to my physical or mental comfort.

We had many short rests toward the finish and as we lay on the road had many narrow escapes from trucks that wended their way through us. By that time we would have agreed to allow a truck to run over our necks. It was due to the expert care and consideration of those truck drivers, no doubt sleepy and tired like ourselves, that we completed our hike and enjoyed the blessing of sleep that night.

Indeed, it was a long hard hike. I figured it 17½ miles and comparing it with H Company of the 101st, I am unable to agree that theirs was longer. What puzzles me is, why did it take them so long to complete their march. In other words, "What kep' yer?" Why 12 hours or more on the road, when it took us only 6? Is it the fact that they became lost on the road? I question this. If so, were not the Divisional orders clear and explicit enough or didn't the commanding officer have a map?

If they can get somebody to admit that there was a mistake I will readily agree that their hike that night was longer than that of my platoon; otherwise I am not yet satisfied.

I trust that I have not offended my comrade of one of the best regiments that went to France and I hope our letters may cause others to write and tell of incidents whose recalling will always hold the interest of the soldier.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

I have just returned from my trip. It would not have been complete had I failed to make even a short visit to the good old YD Club. The best way to find out just what the Club means is to be away from it for a while. One appreciates it with a different spirit.

I have visited a great many clubs in my tour of the country as a traveling man, and I have yet to find one which offers "so much for so little" as the YD Club. There is only one way to keep our Club intact and that is less grumbling and more interest in activities. Personally the smokers which I attended last winter were in themselves worth more than the price of membership. What I am driving at is this: we must keep our heads high and keep up the reputation we enjoyed back in the days of '17 and '18.

(Name withheld by request)

WHO BIDS TWENTY-FIVE?

PERRY H. ROGERS (M) of Northfield, Vermont, a member of the Yankee Division has offered $20.00 for a copy of Cooper's "Pictorial History of the 26th Division." There are none at the Club. Who wants to part with one at that price? If anyone is willing to sell one at less than that, Rogers will give the balance to the Memorial.

INFORMATION WANTED

The following items are clipped from the American Legion Monthly. Information should be forwarded to "The Company Clerk, American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana."

Information concerning the whereabouts of BEZWIN MIKOVERT, alias GEORGE RODCH (E Co., 103rd Inf.), who enlisted at Cleveland, Ohio, April 28, 1918, and was discharged April 21, 1919.

Information desired from former members of K Company, 102nd, Infantry remembering accident to CHARLES SABO, which occurred about May 14, 1918.

THE WINNERS

The prizes for the correct translation of last month's U. S. Army Field Message have been awarded to the following:

1ST PRIZE—A free ticket to the Annual Banquet of the Y.D.V.A. on April 7—to Dr. PARK K. ROCKWELL (M) (E Batt., 103rd F. A.) of Portland, Maine.

2ND PRIZE—One year's paid-up membership in the Yankee Division Veterans Association—to HENRY R. GOODWIN (M) (B Co., 101st M. G. Bn.) of Farmington, Conn.

3RD PRIZE—One carton of YD Club monogrammed cigarettes—to STANLEY J. CLIFFORD (M) (F Co., 101st Engrs.) of West Roxbury, Mass.

It was with some difficulty that the winners were chosen from the many answers received. However, the jury made every effort to be as fair as humanly possible. In order that no one may feel that his answer did not receive just consideration, the jury offers the following report.

The message as it appeared in code contained several catches. They were not placed there intentionally, but were doubtless the result of the haste in which the original message was sent. They were left in so that the message would appear exactly as it was written—under fire—in 1918.

Encountering these quite evident inaccuracies the contestants adopted various courses. Not a single reply was received giving an absolute translation, letter for letter. Many were received wherein the errors had been corrected but no mention made of the fact. These could not be given the highest consideration, for they were not exact translations; they made assumptions of the meaning intended to be expressed.

The three winners called attention to all four errors and then supplied a corrected interpretation.

Among these three men, awards were made on the element of time. Dr. Rockwell's answer was postmarked 2.00 p.m. on the same date he received DOINGS. Goodwin received his at 3.00 p.m. and mailed his answer at 8.30 p.m. Clifford's was postmarked 7.00 p.m. on the day he received DOINGS, but he neglected to state what hour of the day he received it.

The following contestants are given honorable mention: CLIFTON A. GIFFORD (M) (A Batt., 101st F. A.), RAYMOND J. QUEENIN (M) (E Co., 102nd Inf.), HARWOOD W. KNOX (M) (A Batt., 101st F. A.), DOUGLAS M. BAKER (M) (Hdqtrs., 101st F. A.), ALBERT P. DACEY (M) (K Co., 104th Inf.), LEO P. LANDRY (M) (F Co., 101st Inf.), ARTHUR C. HAVLIN (M) (A Co., 102nd M. G. Bn.), and CHARLES P. GORELY (M) (E Co., 101st Engrs.). If any of these men, or any other who sent in an answer wishes to know in what way he fell down, we will be glad to answer any letter.

Decoded, the message reads:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

From: LTFRA NKPIP ERBAT SUREG ON SEC. BAT
At: Iroquois 2
Date: 2/27/18
To: LTMAR TINSU RGEON

REPOR	TACCI	DENTA	KCAVE	INATF
RONTL	INEST	ATION	ONEDE	ADONE
STILL	PINNE	DUNED	RASTO	NEWHI
CHENG	INEER	SARER	EMOVE	NGAND
THREE	NOTSE	RIOUS	LYINJ	UREDT
WOOFT	HEMEV	ACUAT	EDAND	ONERE
TURNE	DTOQU	ARTER	S	

FRANK PIPER

Assembled, the message is as follows:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

From: LT. FRANK PIPER, BAT. SUREGON, SEC. BAT.
At: Iroquois 2
Date: 2/27/18
To: LT. MARTIN, SURGEON

REPORT ACCIDENTAK CAVE-IN AT FRONT LINE STATION, ONE DEAD, ONE STILL PINNED UNEDR A STONE WHICH ENGINEERS ARE REMOVENG, AND THREE NOT SERIOUSLY INJURED, TWO OF THEM EVACUATED AND ONE RETURNED TO QUARTERS.

FRANK PIPER

The errors are as follows: In the first line, the word surgeon is misspelled, the letters E and G being transposed. In the first line of the message itself, the final letter K in the second word should be L. In the word UNDER the E and R are transposed. In the word REMOVING, the ENG should be ING.

Corrected, the message is as follows:

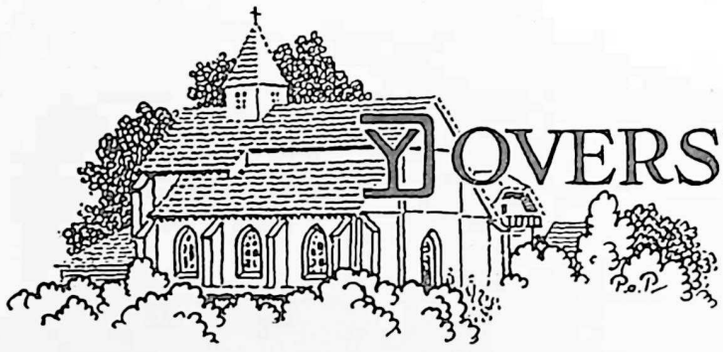
U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

From: LT. FRANK PIPER, BAT. SURGEON, SEC. BAT.
At: Iroquois 2
Date: 2/27/18
To: LT. MARTIN, SURGEON

REPORT ACCIDENTAL CAVE-IN AT FRONT LINE STATION, ONE DEAD, ONE STILL PINNED UNDER A STONE WHICH ENGINEERS ARE REMOVING, AND THREE NOT SERIOUSLY INJURED, TWO OF THEM EVACUATED AND ONE RETURNED TO QUARTERS.

FRANK PIPER

Just for fun, another message, using a new code word, appears elsewhere in this issue. It is not an authentic Field Message, but a few words of interest to all of us at this time. Want to try it?



OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

On an April day in 1919, the corporeal body of the Yankee Division suffered dissolution. Its destiny was fulfilled; its hour had struck; its physical existence drew to a close. But the soul which had come into being, clothed in steel and khaki, slipped from bondage immortal and indestructible. That soul goes marching on.

You have heard the rustle of its wings. The quickening light in the eyes of some comrade suddenly encountered in a far place; the magnetic urge of all that pertains to the saga of our tumultous, bygone days; the lump that rises as a bugle's soft lament leads away one more comrade.

The soul of the Yankee Division has sought to put forth a visible symbol, a concrete expression of its reality. Such a symbol will our Overseas Memorial be. If at times its real significance is obscure or doubtful, yet the knowledge returns that it is destined to stand not as a monument to pride, nor even wholly as a token of reverend memory, but as the visible symbol that the Yankee Division still lives.

Let us descend from Parnassus. Over two years ago a group of unselfish men agreed to give unstintingly of their time and energy until the objective was gained. Sometimes augmented, sometimes diminished, this group has carried on. The demands on their time and energy have surpassed all expectations. They have never faltered or complained. From far flung outpost and neighboring office, the scattered legion whose proudest boast it is that they once wore the YD have rallied to their support. At a mahogany desk one signs a check for $1,000; within prison walls another toils six weary days and sends in four dollars. At a long table men consider and discuss; along country roads another rides from village to village, house to house, explaining, asking and receiving. Not that an edifice of stone and glass shall be erected, but that the flame which leaps in each of us shall possess a concrete symbol to stand before the eyes of unborn generations.

Success beckons. Word has gone forth that we are ready to start. The first line trenches have been reached. The intermediate objective is attained. Now to consolidate and push on to the ultimate goal. Not every reader of these lines has done his share. Excuses are idle, your YD spirit a hollow sham. However small the amount —GIVE. Forget, if you wish, that it is a church; forget even that it is a memorial; but do not forget the ties of comradeship, the soul of the Division, its visible symbol.

In the Spring of next year we will make our pilgrimage. To do your part now is more than a duty, it is a privilege; it is more than a privilege, it is a duty. The symbol, completed, will stand on through the centuries. The soul whose birth transpired before our eyes will then live on before the eyes of posterity.

A Steady March

The following figures show the progress of the Overseas Memorial fund since its beginning. The most encouraging feature revealed by these statistics is that a greater amount has been raised since the first of last October than in the eighteen months preceding that date. The period of slumbering seems to be over. In the first three months $15,000 was raised. Then, in a year and five months this was increased only to $20,000. But in the last five months the $20,000 has grown to nearly $36,000. Let's not have any more slumps.

1926	March 1	$6,853.67
	April 1	13,275.18
	May 1	14,985.60
	September 1	16,945.00
	October 1	17,556.00
	December	17,964.50
1927	January 1	18,265.03
	March 1	18,625.90
	April 1	18,629.30
	May 1	18,715.21
	September 1	19,374.31
	October 1	20,279.41
	November 1	23,402.51
	December 1	27,172.33
1928	January 1	29,475.38
	February 1	31,609.73
	March 1	35,987.15
	April 1	?

The Treasurer Says

Last month we got our inspiration from New Hampshire and this month we get it from Maine. You will all be interested to know that the 103rd Infantry had raised a fund of approximately $3,500 for a memorial of their own, which they have voted to turn over to the Division Memorial. While this does not put them beyond their quota, more is in sight and they feel sure they will reach the $10,000 goal before long.

The following men from Maine have been added to the Memorial Committee: Colonel FRANK M. HUME (M), Colonel ROY L. MARSTON (M), Colonel J. M. TOWNE, Lt. Colonel SPAULDING BISBEE, Major JAMES W. HANSON, and GEORGE W. MORRELL (M). The Committee is greatly cheered by the wonderful spirit shown by our buddies in Maine.

Pretty soon we will be sending out notices calling in the amount pledged by various members of the Division. If any of you wish to anticipate the call, we will be glad to

have you do so and save the Memorial fund that much postage.

Things are moving swiftly with the Memorial and we expect to be able to announce shortly that work on the church has actually begun.

RALPH M. EASTMAN (M)
Treasurer

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO MARCH 1

	CASH REC'D	PLEDGES	TOTAL
Div. Hq. Troop	$2,387.80	$695.00	$3,082.80
101st Inf.	1,500.96	719.00	2,219.96
101st F. A.	3,917.05	1,616.50	5,533.55
101st Tr. M.	30.00	18.00	48.00
101st Supply Tr.	128.00	45.00	173.30
*101st San. Train	807.65	171.00	978.65
101st F. Signal Bn.	277.30	55.00	332.30
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	211.45	30.00	241.45
101st M. G. Bn.	410.19	110.00	520.19
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engrs.	2,819.80	478.50	3,298.30
101st Amm. Tr.	759.85	407.00	1,166.85
102nd Inf.	1,338.08	206.10	1,544.18
102nd F. A.	1,828.50	375.75	2,204.25
102nd M. G. Bn.	854.55	217.00	1,071.55
103rd Inf.	1,261.50	4,437.50	5,699.00
103rd F. A.	2,365.20	291.50	2,656.70
103rd M. G.	568.05	66.00	634.05
104th Inf.	1,279.10	167.10	1,446.20
51st Art. Brigade	563.00		563.00
52nd Inf. Brigade	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Inf. Brigade	128.40	35.00	163.40
Misc.	1,103.40	1,132.00	2,235.40
Bank Interest	118.85		118.85
Postage on Brochures	1.92		1.92
	$24,702.23	$11,282.95	$35,985.18

*Includes 101st F. H., 101st San. Train, 102nd F. H., 102nd Amb., 103rd F. H., 103rd Amb., 104th F. H., 104th Amb.

2155 Donors
661 Pledges
2816 TOTAL

$15,808.05 Amount Pledged
4,525.10 Paid on Pledges
$11,282.95 DUE ON PLEDGES

$24,702.23 Cash Received
11,282.95 Due on Pledges
$35,985.18 TOTAL

Maine, Front and Centre

A clipping from the *Portland Sunday Telegram*, issue of February 12, is conclusive evidence that the State of Maine is taking hold of the YD Overseas Memorial project in dead earnest. The article, which fills the better half of a page, carries four illustrations, and says in part:

> Meeting recently in Portland, the Maine committee resolved to divide the State up into several districts, each of which will have a chairman appointed. Their duties will be to comb their districts for veterans of the 103d Infantry or of other units in the Yankee Division.
>
> Consideration is being given at present by the committee to a suggestion made last year by General EDWARDS (LM) on his visit to Portland that the fund raised some years ago for the 103rd Infantry Memorial in France be made available as part of Maine's quota toward the cost of restoring the village church in Belleau.
>
> The quota of Maine for the Divisional memorial will be in the neighborhood of $10,000. That it will be possible to raise this sum quickly among the veterans is not doubted, for a considerable part of the whole is already on hand.
>
> Practically $1,400 has been contributed direct to Division headquarters, nearly $1,000 previously collected, is at interest in banks in the neighborhood of Houlton, and almost $4,000 is held at present in the fund raised a few years back to erect the memorial in France to the men of the 103rd Infantry.
>
> If, after all the veterans of the 103rd Infantry and other units have done their part, there is still need for further subscriptions, the contributions of the public will be welcome.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS
(In addition to those previously acknowledged)
(Y.D.V.A. members not designated)

Cash Contributors

Howard M. Baldwin
Arthur T. Gormley
Thomas Trebeck (N. H.)
Winthrop Faulkner (N. H.)
Col. Hamilton R. Horsey
Alexander P. Thompson (N. H.)
Carroll Blakely Low
Harold K. Ricker
Nils O. Olsson
Martin J. Kidder (N. H.)
Roch Chenevert (N. H.)
George Milligan, Jr.
George F. Richardson, Jr.
Philip H. English
Hollis B. Corbett (N. H.)
Thos. J. Moran
Theodore C. McCarthy
Ernest C. Dunham (N. H.)
Walter A. Gutman
John T. Coyne
C. A. Adams
Joseph D. Donahue (N. H.)
Raymond W. Sebastian (N. H.)
Wm. K. Houghton

MAINE*

*In memory of their comrades of M. G. Co., 103rd Inf. who have "gone West."

Edward Fletcher
Wm. Hackett
Richard King
John Kelley
Jack B. Woods
Norman A. MacLeod
Russell W. Littlefield
Charles E. Ames
Wm. I. Plummer
John G. Cleary
Mr. Lovett, Sr.
Clifton Arnold
Wm. Thompson
Louis Steen
John E. Brothers
Arthur Darch
John S. Mitchell
James L. Moran
Joseph U. Phillips
Clyde W. Russell
Leonard F. Davis

Pledges

Hollis B. Corbett (N. H.)
Erwin A. Ames (N. H.)
Oliver St. Pierre (N. H.)
Paul H. Hines
Walter S. Carlson (N. H.)
103rd Inf. Maine
Herman W. Hunt (N. H.)
Capt. Coburn Smith (additional)

"PIONEERS"

Reprinted from "The Shrapnel," *Springfield Post, No.* 21, *A.L.*

[The following article is by a member of the Springfield Post in which he points out the danger of branding as radical or unpatriotic those whose opinions may differ from ours. It may be considered a warning that we must not too hastily condemn those whose objective may be the same, but whose methods for so obtaining differ from ours. This is in no sense a defense of those organizations or groups who are known to be radical to the extent of wishing to destroy our present government or other nations'.]

Veterans of the World War, especially those veterans who seek to keep alive the traditions of that war by membership in the American Legion, are keenly observant of the person, the address, the event that suggests anything unpatriotic. Veterans feel that they gave of their strength and risked their lives that this country might be preserved. Being responsible in large part for the saving of their country these same veterans rightly feel a certain proprietorship of their country's welfare. They have very definite notions of what doctrines and what actions will benefit their country and what will not. Naturally what will not benefit their country must not be permitted. So away with radical notions, and unpractical idealists or any other persons who do not stand for the accepted rules defining what is patriotic.

This is not a criticism of the motive or the need that actuates the war veterans. It would be most distressing if this country had not had the services of the veterans ten years ago and had not now their valiant influence for red-blooded, whole-souled patriotism. It is rather my purpose to suggest that it is not easy to determine what is patriotic, and that sometimes the new, the unfamiliar should be tolerated for the sake of the fundamental purposes of the nation

This country is not like any other. It has grown great through the development of an experiment in government. Vast, unsettled areas with natural resources have assisted and given opportunity for growth, but always this country's especial contribution has been its democratic form of government. The men who laid the foundation for this government were wise even beyond their own knowledge. They could not foresee the great nation they were founding. The most optimistic, even fantastic, dreams of most of them scarcely approached the present realization. But they did provide a form that has been capable of adjustment to the nation's new needs and they did intend that the citizens of this nation should have opportunity to change and expand that form. They did propose that the citizens of this nation should have opportunity to agitate for new laws and discuss the wrongs unintentionally imposed by outgrown old laws. They themselves were agitators and no government founded by men of noble motives who loved and knew the efficacy of debate could be intended to drown the freedom of expression.

We venerate these fathers of our country and insist that patriotism means loyalty to them and to that for which they stood. Yet sometimes I fear we trouble ourselves too much with whether men of English, Irish, German or French stock fought under George Washington, and not enough with what these men, whether English, Irish, German or French, stood for, and how best we can continue our heritage from them.

Whether one believes in evolution in religious matters he must believe in evolution in social and political matters. Our government today is not the government of 1789. If John Adams had not hastened the appointment of John Marshall but had left the choice of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to Thomas Jefferson the nation as we now know it might appear much different to us. The framers of the Constitution left a document that could be interpreted to meet the future of a great nation. They also left the task of interpretation to later hands. They were pioneers, but so too were all those who added to the structure they bequeathed whether by the interpretation of the Constitution or by the improving of the nation's citizenship through the activities of the humblest social worker in our cities. We are all pioneers who strive to continue the purpose of the fathers. It is not by continuing unchanged the laws they left, but by making new laws, trying new principles, grasping new opportunities, accepting their spirit of pioneership, that we are the real patriots.

It is patriotic to strive for the best necessary defense for the safety of this nation, but it is not unpatriotic, assuredly, to strive for a better understanding with other nations so that that defense will not have to be used. Pacificism is not unpatriotic if the word is not misapplied. Nothing could better add to the nation's welfare than the ending of war and its burdens. The pacifists may have an idea that some have not grasped yet. At least they are patriotic in their motives, as much so as the man who would arm this nation to the teeth and disregard friendship as impossible as a means of preserving peace. At least the pacifists have a right to express their views in public assembly. If they are wrong, argument is an answer, not suppression. Suppression is a greater danger to our country's welfare than even the most radical pacifists' views.

It is unpatriotic not to obey our nation's laws, but it is not unpatriotic to agitate against unjust laws that they may be changed. It is not freedom of discussion but the lack of it that breeds dissension and rebellion. If honest citizens feel a fair trial is not given alleged criminals they have a right to voice a protest and attempt to remedy the alleged injustice, peaceably of course, by proper meetings. The fair name of justice is better to be preserved free from any possible blemish than that any particular criminals be punished. The late difficulties in this commonwealth, to my mind, did no wrong to particular persons charged with crime, but they did disclose a certain unwillingness on the part of many citizens to permit freedom of expression in popular, peaceable assembly. Our task now is to see whether our criminal laws need reforming so that no such charge of injustice in Massachusetts courts can ever be advanced again.

Every day, new principles, changes in laws, new exhorta-

tions to new lines of endeavor are found. Those not worth while will fall by reason of their own lack of worth. Those worthy must not be permitted to fall lest we, as the doubters, make more difficult the path of progress. The patriot, whatever other virtues he may possess, is he who strives to improve his nation's welfare. We must not be afraid of the new because it is new. It is America's province to try what has never been tried before. So let us be tolerant with the dreamer and the idealist. He, it may be, is the prophet and pioneer of tomorrow's achievement of a great America.

—Robert W. Bodfish.

OUR HAWAIIAN CORRESPONDENT

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

Left El Paso, Texas, on December 28, and railed it to San Diego for a couple days real climate, then a boat trip to good old San Francisco, where I saw our old friend, Colonel E. F. TANDY (M), who courteously took me in tow for one night.

Sailed from San Francisco on the U. S. Army Transport "St. Mihiel" arriving in Hawaii the 18th after a fine six day trip.

It is sure a great country here, more with reference to climate than anything else. Folks are in swimming as much as during the summer at Revere. As far as ladies wearing grass skirts are concerned "there ain't no more," at least I haven't seen any since I've been here. Civilization and education have done a lot for the natives.

Can you imagine having chicken, oranges, apples and ice cream dished out to troop class passengers on an army transport? Well, that is what I experienced coming over here. To make matters worse you should have heard some of those 1927 model soldiers growling about the chow. There were no gobs or leathernecks about to shout, "You can't stand there, soldier." I can well imagine a bunch from my old outfit repeating this experience, the radical changes would either shell shock the gallant 104th Infantry or cause them all to re-enlist for the remainder of their 30 years for retirement.

Sorry I cannot be present at the dinner. I am "just a little" too far away. Whatever you do, don't cut down DOINGS, or lose my name from your mailing list, as it is my only liaison agent at the present time.

—LEON F. DENIS (M)
(Supply Co., 104th Inf.)

Schofield Barrack, T. H.
February 6

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH IDEA

The following excerpts are from a letter written by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University. They refer to the proposed Harvard Memorial Church, but are equally applicable to ours, dealing as they do with the appropriate character of a church as a Memorial.

> "The Church has been throughout all ages the suitable form of memorial, for the very excellent reason that it is connected with all those aspirations which lead a man to sacrifice his life for a cause.
>
> "A war memorial which did not have a moral influence would be worthless.
>
> "A beautiful church as a memorial to our War dead would be an expression, both of our admiration for them, and of our aspiration towards moral character."

DON'T MISS THIS

Anent the recent discussion on, "What's wrong with this picture?" referring to the New Year's boy on our January cover, DOINGS has received the following communication. If you will take our humble opinion, it is about the cleverest bit ever to come to these pages.

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

I notice, Mister Editor, you have a new competitor. In fact, you have a pair of them—why not vacate your chair to them?

The first is LYMAN COZZENS, and I gather from his buzzin's that the Texan town of Austin's so remote from Mother Boston as to cramp his monthly mewings on ingredients of DOINGS.

The other, not so far below, disguises as "Diabolo." This connoisseur of soles, from Lynn, thinks brevity a mortal sin.

They both do valued writing when they concentrate on fighting, or other subjects near our heart, and not capsize the apple-cart by springing some profound critique to boost you toward perfection's peak. This overtime three-cornered "duel" becomes, I fear, a trifle cruel.

The New Year baby I thought cute; but Lyman craves forbidden fruit. I claim Pop PALMSTROM knew his stuff, but drew the line at getting rough. Does our good brother down in Texas begrudge equality of sexes? You've well avoided snappy scenes since days of "YD, Junior's" beans. Let Lyman set himself this hurdle: no more wise cracks below the girdle.

—"FESSENDEN" (M)

EXCHANGES

By long odds, the snappiest, breeziest, most readable publication to come to this desk in a blue moon is *The Bully-Tin*, published by the veterans of U. S. Base Hospital, No. 44.

The editor of this little wow of a paper is Mr. F. B. Eastman, brother of our own distinguished RALPH M. (M). As an editor "F. B." is as great a success as "R. M." as a Treasurer. And if that isn't high praise, tell us what is any higher.

The following extract, dealing with a coming reunion, gives a little idea of the zip this bird manages to inject into his stuff:

> Our correspondent from Connecticut, the South Sea Islands and Capa Blanca, Monaco, writes us that Dick Taylor was in to see him and before Jack Callard got through with the important question, Dick jumped up and did the first three movements of Black Bottom and then swung liltingly into the Aria from Gottschalk's "Last Hope" and with a final thrust of the dagger screeched out in a stage whisper, "I'll be there."

The whole paper is in a similar style. We'd like a shot of whatever it is that sets the words flowing like that.

PAGE JOCK MALONE

In a book we recently read, dealing with service in the Foreign Legion, we found this statement:

"Unfit for the Infantry; send him to the Artillery."

We were only an Engineer, so offer the above in a purely disinterested way.

MY FIRST GERMAN

By A. S. Wilson

We were sitting in a comfortable parlor the other evening. Soft lights threw a mellow glow over the room and we talked on and on about the things that happened Over There. One of the fellows told the following:

"It was just about nine years ago we were up near Apremont. I was a runner then and think my most hair-raising experience came one night while carrying dispatches. One of the fellows came, as I was getting ready to go out and asked "Where to?" I told him and he said, "well, watch out tonight, Buddy. It's awful out there. The fog's so thick you can't see your hand before your face and Jerry's raisin' hell every once in a while with those G. I. cans of his.

"I can't describe or you couldn't imagine that fog. I never saw another like it. It was so solid you couldn't see the ground. It gives me the creeps, even now, to think of those black mists sliding their cold fingers over my face and when the shells moaned on their hellish path it was indescribably eerie. You couldn't see the shell burst, no path was visible and the mist almost black. I felt I wouldn't get lost if I stuck to the duck-boards, as I knew the place pretty well, but it wasn't nice, Buddy, a—tall.

"After snoopin' along about a hundred yards I went into a trench and suddenly heard a grunt and stopped dead—believe me I almost dropped dead! We were near the Germans and that gutteral "Ugh" was suspiciously like Heinie trying to climb out of the trench. I imagined I could see him reaching up the slimy sides of mud.

After waiting and peering cautiously ahead, keyed up to a pitch of panic, I took a couple more steps and that ominous "Ugh" and scrambling broke on my ears again. Then I could hear very much plainer, ahead of me, someone walking, so pulled out my gun and managed to say as sternly as possible, 'Halt'. There was no answer, only that stealthy sound of slow, hesitating footsetps. I yelled "Halt" again and in the mists, quite close, caught a momentary gleam of his eyes. Another challenge brought no reply but again I saw his eyes, searching for me in the black trench and its fog. Boy I was scared. It was anything but a pleasant position. Here I was, a lone doughboy in a narrow trench, fog rolling around me, danger, perhaps death ahead. I trembled like old man Ague himself and the enemy seemed to be afraid to advance also. My thoughts were racing. I felt the sides of the trench and they were too high to scale, so I stepped back around a corner, peeping. It seemed an eternity of silence ensued, with no sound but the whine of an occasional shell and then came the grunt and a furtive step, and I caught the gleam of two eyes not six feet away and in utter panic, raised my gun and fired five good American bullets between them.

"Boy, I didn't wait to examine that Heinie, but hot-footed as hard as I could to the PC of Company ——. There a sentry asked me a lot of fool questions—at the point of a bayonet— about what the firing was, who I was, what company I was from and I was finally led in and put under arrest for creating a disturbance, as they said there couldn't be any Germans in that trench.

'I told my story over and over and after a lot of cynical remarks about me and my nerves, etc., I persuaded them to go back with me.

"We found the place easily and groped along carefully, hands on our guns, for (by that time they were as excited as I) hardly breathing for fear of what might be just ahead. Suddenly my foot hit a soft body and I knew it was the German. I went sprawling in a jiffy over his big body, and as I was getting up, shaking mud off my fingers, someone lit a match.

"There was a gasp of astonishment and then a wild whoop of joy for, dead as a door-nail, big as a house, at our feet lay an enormous Wild Boar. There had been no meat for a few days and you can believe me that Cochon was doggone welcome.

"He was a well beloved enemy and when he had all gone we mourned his absence for many a day."

ECHOES OF THE LEGION PILGRIMAGE

The following remarks are taken from an address of United States Senator Lawrence D. Tyson of Tennessee, delivered on the floor of the Senate on January 14, 1928.

> "That visit to France was no holiday outing. It was a pilgrimage of peace to the graves of our dead, to the battlefields where we had fought, and to the capitals of the allied nations with whom we were associated in the World War.
>
> "I was in Paris during the entire week of the convention, and during that time I saw not one thing nor did I hear of one unpleasant incident to mar the eventful visit.
>
> "Being ambassadors without portfolio, but enjoined by the President to carry the good will of America, I cannot but feel that the successful accomplishment of the second "A.E.F." was one of the greatest events of all time, and such as to bring the world nearer to peace, and will prove to be the cementing of a new feeling of comradeship and a renewal of that feeling of good will that existed among the allied nations on Armistice day, 1918.
>
> "The American Legion deserves and should receive the congratulations of the Nation for their fine piece of work in the cause of peace. It was a gigantic undertaking that would have appalled men of less resolute character than those men who had fought and helped to win the great World War—the leaders of the American Legion."

Jimmy Lynch: "How did you get all those scratches on your face, Ivy, from the missus?"

Ivy Dye: "No. The wife's trying to teach me to eat with a fork."

NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, Y.D.V.A.

To All Whom It May Concern:

In accordance with ARTICLE VI, SECTION 3, of the Amended By-Laws of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, notice is hereby given that the Ninth Annual Convention of the Association will be held at Association Headquarters, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, on Saturday, April 7, 1928, at 3.00 P.M., at which time and place all regular business which can properly come before the legislative body of the Association will be considered.

Each member present shall be entitled to one vote provided his current dues have been received by the National Treasurer thirty days prior to the meeting of said Convention.

The Nominating Committee has presented the following candidates for the offices to be filled by majority vote of the members present and voting at the Annual Convention.

Honorary President, Maj. Gen. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS
President, WILLIAM McGINNIS (102nd F.A.)
Vice-President at Large, NORMAN B. CARTER (101st Engrs.)
Vice-President at Large, GEORGE R. ROBERTS (101st Inf.)
Chaplain, Rev. HAROLD I. FAIR (101st Inf.)
Treasurer, KENNETH POULTON (101st F. Sig. Bn.)
Vice-President for Maine, JESSE D. MOODY (101st Engrs.)
Vice-President for N. H., ELIOT A. CARTER (103rd Inf.)
Vice-President for Vt., Rev. CHAUNCEY A. ADAMS (101st Amm. Tr.)
Vice-President for Mass., JAMES LYNCH (101st F. Sig. Bn.)
Vice-President for R. I., WILLIAM J. SAYERS (52nd Inf. Brig. Hqtrs)
Vice-President for Conn., RALPH K. SAFFORD (104th Inf.)

Additional Members of Executive Committee; three to be elected:

WILLIAM H. NOURSE (103rd Inf.)
ARTHUR C. HAVLIN (102nd M.G. Bn.)
FRED T. WILSON (101st F. Sig. Bn.)

Elections are for a term of one year.

In accordance with ARTICLE XIII, SECTION 1, of the Amended By-Laws, notice is hereby given that the following proposed amendment to said By-Laws, having received the approval of the National Executive Committee, will be presented to the Convention for its action:

ARTICLE XI, SECTION 1, to be amended to read as follows:

ARTICLE XI
FINANCES

SECTION 1. Annual dues for each active member of this Association, excepting life members, shall be paid on application for membership to the National Treasurer; dues thereafter to be paid in advance on the first day of April of each year. Dues for each life member of this Association shall be paid on application for life membership to the National Treasurer. No further dues shall be assessed by the Association to life members of the Association. No dues shall be assessed by the Association to honorary or associate members of the Association. The amount of annual dues and of life membership dues in this Association shall be determined by the legislative body, and shall be subject to change by the majority vote of any National Convention, upon the advice of the National Executive Committee.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE,
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN,
Secretary

AN EXPLANATION

Elsewhere on this page appears the call for the Ninth Annual Convention of the Yankee Division Veterans Association which will be held this year on April 7. As prescribed by the By-Laws, a proposed amendment to the By-Laws is published in the call. The purpose of this amendment may not be clear to everyone and it is felt that an explanation is in order.

The present By-Laws state that the amount of Annual Dues shall be $1.00 a year. In order to make any change in that amount, it is necessary to pass an amendment. This can be done only at a regular convention of the entire voting body. It was believed by your Executive Committee that rather than set a new amount it would be wiser to remove from the By-Laws entirely any statement as to a stipulated sum for annual dues. Such a regulation, it was felt, had no place in the By-Laws; it being a matter to be regulated by motion and vote rather than by amendment. The proposed amendment as it will be presented to the convention provides for the amount of annual dues to be established by any convention upon the advice of the Executive Committee.

If this amendment is ratified at the convention, a motion will be in order that the annual dues be made $2.00, subject to change at any future convention.

As previously explained in YANKEE DOINGS, the amount of $1.00 has proved inadequate for the maintenance of the magazine at the present volume of circulation. A referendum conducted among the members seems to have proved conclusively that sentiment is in favor of such an increase rather than the curtailment or discontinuance of DOINGS.

Just how this change, provided it is effected by the convention, will affect the resident members of the YD Club of Boston cannot be said at this time. At present the Boston Club charges $5.00 for annual dues. $1.00 of this amount is paid over to the Y.D.V.A. in order that every member will automatically be a member of the Veterans Association and receive YANKEE DOINGS. The Board of Governors of the Boston Club has been informed of the contemplated change which the Y.D.V.A. plans to make, and they will make adjustment in their own body. Whether or not this will mean a raise to $6.00 we cannot say.

But we will say this. The Y.D.V.A. and the YD Club of Boston have always given their members their money's worth and will continue to do so.

IN PREPARATION FOR THE BANQUET?

The city of Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, is entertaining a distinguished visitor from Boston in the person of President William J. Keville of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, U. S. Marshal, etc., etc.

The Colonel and Mrs. Keville left Boston on February 23 for a sojourn of three or four weeks.

Bonne chance, mon colonel, and have one for each of us.

BILLETS

By "Diablo" (M)

Of course in war time one does not expect to be assigned to an up-to-date kitchenette, bedroom, and bath; but some of those quarters we hit after leaving the good old U. S. A., were humdingers.

Let the reader think back to that delightful "Limey" camp in Southampton, the little round conical tents, ten to fifteen men assigned to each. Of course it rained a little in England, but if you were lucky and came home early you had a fair chance of selecting a bed that might insure some protection from the chilly nights. If you didn't—well you were simply out of luck. And then that wonderful camp at le Havre—if you slipped off the duck boards you were in imminent danger of drowning. And then the worst of all—40 Hommes, 8 Cheveaux—we'll skip any description of those luxurious quarters and ramble along to the barns up in Sartes. Here we began learning to be soldiers,—we froze by day and also by night.

Up in Soissons we became acquainted with a new billet. A hunk of tin over your head and the cold hard ground for a bed. What good dugouts existed were occupied by our excellent Dugout-Jimmies. Perhaps the most interesting billets we encountered in France were the chalk caves in this district. A veritable maze of winding paths which were wonderful in confusing one searching for his outfit. Very little light entered these caves, and candles were the only source of illumination. Thousands of men were quartered here and it was only with proficient guides that one could find his way out.

We were learning to dig trenches and erect wire, with a ration of two sandwiches for dinner. One of the regrets of my life will be that I never was attached to any outfit that really had a COOK. We had one boy who really was an excellent cook in civilian life, but they sent him up into the lines—Army reasoning I suppose—and placed a blacksmith, a mechanic and a lumberman in the kitchen and they certainly did their best to kill us after the Jerries let up. Well, it is all behind us but how can we forget?

From here on we kind of forgot what billets looked like; the high heavens and stars became our roofs—sleeping in the mud and snow of Xivray and thence into Belleau where we lived in little holes dug in the sides of the trenches. We never saw barracks again until the war was over. Traveling up into Fismes, we lived in unbelievable conditions and then on to the Argonne. No going back to a field hospital for such a little thing as a severe cold which tended toward pneumonia, we finally got orders to move, and on that cloudy, thundering night we proceeded into Haumont Woods, where the writer met his Waterloo and plenty wet he was as he landed in a pool of water that closely resembled the Atlantic Ocean.

Returning from the hospital to my outfit I found them really beginning to live like humans—nothing much for barracks, but we had the opportunity of taking it a little easy and making ourselves as comfortable as possible awaiting return orders for home. At last they came and we proceeded to Grand Lucy where we fortunately were billeted in excellent quarters. My platoon had a cottage all to itself and there was plenty of room. Heat, light, good food, and furloughs. The sun had at last found us and we were looked upon as equal with the mules.

Brest and at last out on the high seas, homeward bound. Into Boston harbor at last and entraining for Camp Devens, the first cantonment camp we had ever seen. It certainly set us to wondering when we viewed this camp and thought of squawks we had heard from men who had passed through it. It was a palace to us. Yes, one certainly does appreciate the fact that the Army always seems to get the dirt when it comes to billets. Let us hope at some near date we may hear that our military forces are quartered in warm, water-tight barracks suitable for both man and beast.

"THE TRAIL OF YESTERDAY"

From "The Bully Tin"

'Member the march we made together,—?
Gee! but the day was fair
With sunshine bright and our spirits light
And summer's breath in the air,—
Little we knew and little we cared,
Only to get away,
And hit the pike, on the long, long hike
—on the trail of Yesterday

Remember treading a transport's deck
A thousand miles at sea,
With nary a light but the stars, at night,
Blinking at you and me,—
While through the mist, like hurrying pack,
The convoy, gaunt and gray,
Silently, swiftly nosed the trail,—
The trail of Yesterday?

Then there's another memory,—
Days when we marched along
Toting packs on our weary backs,
Chasing the blues with song,
Struggling uphill in a fever chill
Plastered with muddy loam
Cussing the Mud, and War, and Blood,
Thinking of Home Sweet Home

Memory tugs at my heart again
As a letter comes in the mail,—
And I'm packing my grip for another trip,
Back on the old, old trail.
Back to the gang I think of yet,
Though years have slipped away,—
Who marched, and met,—and won't forget,—
the trail of Yesterday.

City Banker (visiting the farm): "I suppose that's the hired man?"

Farmer (who had visited banks): "No, that's the first vice-president in charge of cows."

"THE LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED"

On Tuesday evening, February 21, the YD Club of Boston presented the motion picture "The Legion of the Condemned" as the feature entertainment of its monthly smoker.

Following the show, groups sitting around with coffee in one hand and a sinker in the other pronounced it one of the best yet. The film, which is a brand new release not yet shown in Boston theatres, tells the story of the Lafayette Escadrille, and is announced as a sequel to "Wings."

Men who seek to forget, men who avidly seek death as the only untried experience meet in the canteen of the flying squadron. However overdrawn may be the stories of their past lives and however unlikely some of the adventures which befall them at the front, the scenes are thrillers, and the action is well sustained. Furthermore the types are real and well acted.

Due to the fact that only one projector was used there was an interval following each reel. If anything, the presentation gained by this as each reel seemed to end, like an old-fashioned serial, with a tense and gripping situation.

Other things being equal, there is ten times the enjoyment in seeing a picture at the Club that there is elsewhere. Nothing gets by the keen eyes of the gang or their sense of humor. When one of the aviators, tired of life, pushes a handful of francs into the lap of a mademoiselle and she shoves them back, a voice from the audience pipes up, "Now I'll tell one."

VINCE BREEN (M) spoke a few words concerning the coming Y.D.V.A. Banquet, and PHIL SANBORN (M) explained the Certificates of Service which are being offered for sale.

CARROLL SWAN (M) was in his usual form and conducted the early part of the meeting in characteristic manner, giving way to BILL BROWN (LM) who filled the spaces between reels with a line of his own.

JOHN DENNIHAN (M) rendered "Kitty O'Toole" in a manner worthy of John McCormack to the vast enjoyment of everyone.

Sinkers and java, as per usual. "The Greatest Show on Earth."

ZERO HOUR FOR BIG PUSH

What is the reason DOINGS is so poorly patronized with respect to advertising? This is a question that confronts all journals and magazines, but they get the advertising. DOINGS should have at least five full pages of advertising each issue, and as the matter stands there is practically none. Does the fault rest with the directors of the journal or is it that solicitation for advertising has ceased. In fact was there ever an extensive campaign to get more advertisers. There are hundreds of advertisers who doubtless would be pleased to accord a portion of their budget to DOINGS if approached, but the chances are fifty to one they have never been asked. In the solicitation of advertising we are not begging or putting up the ex-service man's hullaboo that the public should still remember the services rendered them by the former service man. We are not trying to get something for nothing—we are offering a worth-while investment to any advertiser who is wide-awake to the possibilities of putting his product in a well chosen market. Advertising rates are very low and the returns surely will well repay anyone to look into the matter.

—"DIABLO" (M)

EASTER SUNDAY, 1918

BY NORMAN B. CARTER (M) (C Co., 101st Engrs.)

That terrible bugle call broke the silence of the peacefully slumbering barracks at 4.00 a.m. on Easter morning. "Come on, you birds, rise and shine. Up, everybody, and roll packs." "Say, fellows, it's raining." "Never mind the rain, if you don't get a move on, Bill will put you on the water detail." The Company swallowed their slum, then set to work loading up the wagons and policing up quarters. We were lined up and crammed into French camions driven by Frenchmen and Annamites. We pulled out of that peaceful village of Orquevaux at 7.00 a.m.

After riding all over France and back again, we asked our driver where we were going, but couldn't get a thing out of him. "Joe" was very busy,—said we were going to the British front. About two o'clock that afternoon we were de-trucked at a stone quarry. The truck may have run out of gas; anyway it was a relief from our cramped positions. After chow from our emergency rations, "canned bill" and hard tack, the company lined up and—forward march! Tramp, tramp for the first part of the company, and trot, trot for the other end. The short legged ones wanted to know "where in hell the fire was. Those long legged bohunks would get there soon enough." Some of the gang were singing the famous Engineer song as we marched along. Still we tramped through fields and woods, ever forward. A junk collector would have made his fortune picking up the tent poles and condiment cans thrown away. The Engineers are noted for their long packs.

Toward dusk we stuck to the roads. It started to snow to add to our discomfort. At the end of our ten minute rest we were glad to get going as it was mighty cold. The big question was, "Where are we going?" We were marching parallel with the front. There was no doubt about that from the flashes and the banging. Some bright guy piped out, "Those are the Easter star shells welcoming us in." The hue and cry on all sides was "When do we eat?"—"Where are we going?"

Around 12.30 a.m. we finally staggered into the remains of a village, Hamonville. There we stood in line, drenched to the skin, our teeth playing tattoo, and we waited and waited. Some other outfit had taken possession of our quarters. The snow turned to rain, and some bohunk up at the end of the company knocked off his tin derby and whipped on his gas mask. The next guy did the same and it went right along the whole company line. Not a word was said but on went the mask. Someone finally woke up and investigated the "gas attack." It was from some chloride of lime in a nearby latrine. After standing in line for what seemed to be hours the command was given to "fall out" and find places to "coucher." Squad 16 staggered into an old barn and flopped on the straw. We were wakened by the barking of 75's to the right of us, and a very horsy smell. Rubbing the sleep out of our eyes, we looked around and discovered we were actually sleeping in some used oats.

Thus passed our most memorable Easter.

WHERE IS THAT OLE GANG OF MINE?

By "Diablo" (M)

As usual it must be the jinx that follows us doughboys, this one again was S. O. L. at the recent smoker. Tearing myself away from my labors I speeded up the ole bus and established a new record run from Atlantic Avenue to 200 Huntington Avenue and arrived there at nine o'clock. I started at seven, but what happened between then and nine o'clock remains a secret between my car and myself. I sincerely hope they never make a mechanical wonder out of motor cars such as has been recently demonstrated in the perfect mechanical servant; if they do, here is one who will have to revert to the old doughboy method of transportation.

Arriving at the club toot-sweet I ascended to the upper regions and got the shock of my young life. The place was mobbed; it seemed like our old pay days when the gang came to life. Our genial friend BILL SNYDER (M) with his proverbial smile greeted me but did not offer so distinguished a visitor a seat; instead he let me cock my neck around a corner and get a glimpse of the murderous Hun as he evilly smiled on the beautiful heroine and calmly ordered the execution to proceed. And then I saw the brave aviator swoop down from the sky and do his stuff. Some show—I would have enjoyed it very much save for the fact a crick developed in my neck and I felt as if once again I had slept in that awful hole up near Bourashers, how the hell you spell it I don't know. [Bouresches, maybe.—Ed.] Saw quite a few fellers I have not seen since they issued that last breakfast of macaroni out at Devens.

I was one of those that then and there took an oath never again to let macaroni pass these lips, and, believe it or not, I have kept faith with the vow. Ugh, did any outfit put out worse chow than those birds who dumped the macaroni into a large caldron and boiled it a little and then passed it out? Why, the stuff was not even fit to feed engineers, and the Lord knows they could eat anything as well as drink anything. In fact prohibition must be a terrible trial to those guys.

And now I am going to yell for help, and let's see what kind of assistance will come to my aid in proving that the Engineers *were*, (kindly note that "were,") about the toughest eggs that ever landed the other side of the pond. Why the leathernecks had nothing on them even if they did win the war with the help of the M. P.'s. You ex-doubhboys, (damn it, I always spell that word wrong and repeatedly have to erase it so that the keen eye of our editor will not read underneath and get something on us) who know anything authentic of the shortcomings of the Engineers should write in and help me out in this young war. Don't tell any stories of how much liquor the Engineers could consume as that would indeed be to their credit. It is admitted that one doughboy could consume more nourishment than a dozen Engineers, but let us hear everything bad about them—and good if there is any such thing.

And the ambulance drivers—I saw Percy at the meeting all dolled up. Oh boy, he is some Beau Brummel when outfitted in his gay dogs, but I didn't dare to speak to him fearing he might take a swing at one with such colossal nerve to criticize such a mighty mortal as an ambulance driver.

You will notice I travel under a nom-de-plume. I wouldn't dare sign my own name as it might be necessary for the ex-doughboy to depart to other climes if it became known. I think there are several other boys who would send in interesting stories if assurance was given that names would be omitted, as the ex is a little shy of telling stories for fear that someone might—well, just ride the pants off him. I must finish this mush now, but listen boys, what a whale of a dig I have coming for our Big Chief. Instead of the doughboy putting his foot in it leave it to an Engineer to make remarks through our columns and promptly fall in—into a-a-a-well, you know.

LIFE MEMBERS

There is an ancient story concerning a certain college athlete who was granted the dispensation of a special examination in chemistry in order that he might remain on the team. He was asked but two questions: "What is the color of blue vitriol?" to which he answered, "Red." This was wrong. "What is the meaning of H_2O?" to which he answered, "I don't know." This was right, and as 50% was the passing mark he was passed.

Now to draw the deadly parallel. Last month we printed the names: CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, and CHARLES A. STEVENS. After each appeared the letters (LM), and a footnote explained that this meant Life Member. This was right. We also had occasion to refer to the names of WILLIAM J. BROWN and WILLIAM J. KEVILLE. After each the letters (LM) were missing. This was wrong. Each of the two distinguished gentlemen seized upon the first opportunity to apprise us of the fact in no uncertain terms. We are properly chastened, and make humble apology.

Life members surely deserve all the publicity they can have. A complete list of these elite of the Club follows:

MAJ. GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS
BRIG. GENERAL JOHN H. SHERBURNE
COL. JOHN C. GREENWAY (Deceased)
FRANKLIN L. FAY (Deceased)
ROLAND H. CHOATE
DANIEL WILLARD, JR.
JEREMIAH D. SULLIVAN
C. B. CAMPBELL
WILLIAM H. ROOT
PHILIP A. LOCASCIO
WILLIAM J. BROWN
HOWARD T. SACHS
OLIVER WOLCOTT
ROBERT WINSOR, JR.
THAYER QUINBY
WILLARD SYMMES
BRIG. GENERAL CHARLES H. COLE
COL. WILLIAM J. KEVILLE
COL. WILLARD B. LUTHER
COL. CHARLES A. STEVENS
MILTON MAXIM
COBURN SMITH
THOMAS A. KIRWAN
ARTHUR DICKINSON PRESTON
NORTON WIGGLESWORTH
ALFRED G. CHAPMAN, JR.
BENJAMIN H. TICKNOR
ERNEST F. FINAN
WINTHROP P. MANDELL
ERLAND F. FISH
DORAN S. LYONS
HARRY W. HERSUM
DANA T. LEAVENWORTH

We confidently expect some irate member of this exclusive inner circle to burst into the sanctum to inform us that rank hasn't been given the proper precedence in the above list. If so, he won't be telling us a thing. We never learned to count rank below colonels.

"ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE"

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

Now you fellers over in back keep still. This letterhead (Clewiston Plumbing Co., James W. Armeson, Prop., Clewiston, Fla.) is a new deal right enough, but is all glory so far. Like the 104th Veterans Association, it has possibilities. "Flickers" wants to get in touch with every former member. Well, here's me, and my condition is such that the two remaining bills of mine in Massachusetts will soon be paid, so I want to pledge the Memorial Fund $5.00 additional.

Apremont Day is near at hand, and don't you think, Mr. Editor, that some of those 104th fellers will be crawling out of their snow drifts or whatever kept them and fill up the Flickers?

—JAMES W. ARMESON (M)
(M. G. Co., 104th Inf.)

Clewiston, Florida
February 22

TEN YEARS AGO

26th Division, A.E.F. G-3
Secret
31 March '18. 10 p.m.
Field Orders
No. 15.

1. The following additional information and instructions with reference to movement to the front and taking over a sector are published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

2. The 26th Division now at the disposal of the 32nd Corps (French), will relieve the 1st Division (American), in the sector of La Reine, and the elements of the 10th Colonial Division (D.I.C.), situated east of the line "Road from the Wood of the Corvee des Pretres (Forest of Apremont) to Marbotte—a fork of the road of the Fort of Liouville, and the highway St. Agnant—Noncourt—St. Julien (American Division)—St. Julien highway to Girauvoisin—Girauvoisin highway to Vignot—(Vignot-American Division)—La Meuse—as far as the southern boundary of the Army Corps.

3. Disposition of the 26th Division after relief will be as follows.

Headquarters at Boucq

Two brigades side by side.

51st Infantry Brigade on the right, having two regiments side by side (102nd Regiment on the right), each regiment having two battalions in the first line and one in reserve.

52nd Infantry Brigade on the left, having one regiment in line (two battalions in the first line; one battalion in reserve), and one regiment in the Army Corps reserve in the zone.

Jouey-sous-les-Cotes, Cornieville, Aulnois-sous-Vertuzey Vertuzey.

8. Brigade commanders will take over the command of their brigade sectors as follows:

52nd Infantry Brigade, April 2 at 8 o'clock

51st Infantry Brigade, April 3 at 8 o'clock

10. Artillery commanders will receive orders at TOUL at Headquarters 32nd Corps (French) as to their destinations.

11. Trains will proceed to same destination as their organizations.

By command of Major General EDWARDS:

CASSIUS M. DOWELL,
Lieut. Colonel, N.A
Chief of Staff.

Official:

C. A. STEVENS,
Adjutant General,
Adjutant.

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LOGAN

On the evening of February 16, the hundreds of friends of Major General EDWARD L. LOGAN (M), gathered from all walks of life at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, to pay him tribute upon the conclusion of 30 years' service to the State and Nation, during which period he has served in every rank from private to Commanding General of a combat division. Five hundred officers and distinguished citizens joined in the salute, a sort of farewell coming from every part of the State.

And as practical expression of their admiration and affection General Logan was presented with a magnificent silver service set at the conclusion of the speeches.

Present in the great gathering of distinguished soldiers and citizens, all come to join in the final farewell to the Major-General, were Senator David I. Walsh, Lieutenant-Governor Frank C. Allen, acting Governor of the State in the absence of Governor Fuller, who sent his regrets at not being able to attend, Rear Admiral Phillip M. Andrews, Major-General Hugh Bancroft, Brigadier-General Malvern Hill Barnum, Congressman James A. Gallivan, Congressman WILLIAM P. CONNERY, Major-General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM), Brigadier-General ERLAND F. FISH, former Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, Brigadier-General THOMAS F. FOLEY, Major JUD HANNIGAN, Judge John P. McLaughlin, James J. Phelan, A. C. Ratshesky, John W. Reth, commander of the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion, and others.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS

Lieutenant-Governor Allen spoke, in part, as follows:

"Service to one's country has always been a theme of engrossing interest. It fills the pages of history. There are many kinds and types of service—civil, military, judicial, and unselfish public service in the interest of the public, though not in an official capacity. The progress of a nation and its people is largely the result of patriotic service rendered by its citizens," he continued.

"We have met tonight to honor the military service of Major-General Logan, who, I understand, has given 30 years of his life to the National Guard of Massachusetts, and who reached the highest rank in military service within the gift of the Commonwealth. The National Guard of Massachusetts has always held an enviable position in the military forces of the nation. It has been the first to respond to the call of duty in practically all the wars of our country. It was the first to respond in the World War and made for itself a splendid record.

"The military record of General Logan will un-

doubtedly be covered by other speakers this evening, and I shall confine myself to expressing the gratitude of the Commonwealth for the splendid service which he has rendered in all the years of his connection with the National Guard of Massachusetts."

MEMORIALS

By "Diablo" (M)

In wandering through many cities, towns and villages it is most interesting to note here and there memorials erected to honor participants in the late war The writer has seen scores of memorials, some incorporated in beautiful buildings, some on plaques in public buildings, some on huge boulders set upon prominent spots and many as statues in public squares. Of the latter it seems the custom that the representation shall be that of a doughboy looking far away with his rifle held in a position inviting conflict. This is all well and good as far as it may go, but one is sometimes prone to wonder why all such memorials are restricted to the Infantry.

We know and all will admit the Infantry is the backbone of the Army, but modern warfare makes the Infantry man a puny defensive factor without the necessary support of his brothers-in-arms. The writer can recall the feeling of security when his outfit was backed up by their favorite artillery, their morale was of the highest, and, secure in the feeling that his support from behind was always at his beck and call, he had no fear of being left in a lurch. Perhaps many will recall when on outlying posts the contented manner in which they viewed the enemy lines, knowing full well that a single rocket would bring a deluge of shells from our comrades close behind. Why not a few memorials to the boys who made possible our successful advances? In Tiverton, R. I., they have such a memorial in the figure of an artilleryman carrying a shell for a 75 mm.

Perhaps the Infantryman typifies more vividly the awful sacrifices which always fall to the men in the lines, but in erecting memorials the designers might look around for something different to commemorate the late War.

Why not a few memorials to the machine-gunners? Heaven knows they are and were indispensable; without them we would have been like a ship in a stormy sea with no rudder. Then the one-pounder boys certainly made their presence felt, along with those chaps who manned the Stokes Mortars morale busters. The bang and snap of each certainly made one dig for cover. And those boys working the 75's will ever remain in the memory of the doughboy with deep affection. The old 155's with their tremendous bark and growl rendered their excellent support whenever called upon and at times their response was most acceptable. And one could go on and on and tell of the different branches of the Army, of how each and every one of them were of vital necessity, but still the fact remains that the majority of memorials are surmounted by the figure of a doughboy.

Being of the Infantry myself it may seem odd that I should broach such a subject, but really one gets somewhat fed up in going from place to place and always running across that doughboy as the chief memorial of the late war. It would be pleasant to see a memorial of a machine gunner perched behind his gun, or to see a group of artillery men behind their weapon, or even a dentist with his crazy makeshift drill operated as we used to grind a knife or axe on the old grindstone. May the day not be far distant when some body of men will erect a memorial far different from the ordinary run of memorials such as one always sees whenever he passes through various cities and towns. The Civil War erected memorials to the Infantryman, and also the Spanish War, let us have something different that will let the world know there were other units employed across the sea than the infantry. Someone might hit upon a good idea of even erecting a memorial of our engineers showing the doughboys how to build roads and make big ones out of little ones.

YD POST NO. 290, A. L.

YD Post of the American Legion at its meeting on February 27, had as guest speaker the Reverend John H. Clifford, Honorary Chaplain-at-Large of the U. S. Marine Corps.

It seems that the Marines do not rate a Chaplain. It is also a fact that they have no Medical Corps. The reason for the second is evident. Marines are too tough to get sick or wounded. The reason for the first, however, is in doubt. The assumption is either that they need no chaplain or else that they are beyond all redemption.

Chaplain Clifford went into the service of the Y.M.C.A. at Camp Travis, Texas from a pulpit in Tucson, Arizona. He was fairly well along in years and had devoted much of his life to medical missionary work in Africa and the East. His espousal of Y.M.C.A. work was not wholly on his own violition, but due largely, so he states, to his wife.

Shortly he was asked to go overseas. Arriving in Paris, he was greeted with the remark, "They are sending over too many parsons. We want men who can do something. Can you drive a Ford truck?"

He was assigned to the Marine Brigade of the 2nd Division, and upon arriving at the town of Colombey where they were stationed at the time, his real education began. Picture, if you will, a benevolent, middle-aged Baptist minister whose sole experience with handling men had been those of his parish, dumped into the middle of a brigade of hard-boiled Marines with a background of a poverty-stricken French village. The typical reaction of the men was that expressed by the top-sergeant of the 45th Company, "We don't want no parsons in the Marines. Beat it to hell out o' here."

He was hungry and they refused to feed him. He worked all night fixing up his canteen only to have the wild-eyed mob clean out all his stock in trade while he looked on helplessly. Then came the break. One fellow, in whom decency and a little pity still remained, called out, "Aw say, let's not rub it into the old guy. Let's give him back his stuff. We're Marines."

On a long and gruelling hike through the snow a few days later, "Doc" as they came to call him, proved his metal. Old enough to be the father of any one of them, he kept on plugging when the strongest longed to drop out. Further than that, he stopped to help the lame and weary. He was in strong. From then on he was "Doc." They refused to let him speak of going back home. They cleaned up his canteen and kept a fire going for him in the fireplace. They borrowed a soft chair for him to sit in and tended counter for him.

Few men, handicapped as he was, would have found their way into the hearts of those men. Not only that but he came to know them, to see deep into the courageous hearts and flaming loyalties which inhabited their rough exteriors. The men of the service, destined always to be a puzzle and a paradox of idealism and blasphemy to the uninitiated, came to trust and to love him, and he to trust and love them. The tight locked door opened and he found he "belonged."

The tales of heroism and sacrifice which he was privileged to see and to participate in at Belleau Wood and Verdun proved what has many times been said in these pages: "the soldier's keen instinct in judging men never errs."

One morning he awoke to find that the Y.M.C.A. buttons had been cut from his uniform and the buttons of the Marine Corps sewed on in their place. The globe and anchor had taken the place of the triangle on his cap. In everything but official recognition he was a full fledged Marine.

This office he still holds, the Marine emblem is upon his cap, the cross upon his shoulders. He is the only Chaplain in the Corps, and he deserves the honor.

Toward the close of Chaplain Clifford's talk, Fr. WILLIAM J. FARRELL (M) entered the hall, and at the conclusion of the address he was invited to the front by Commander BARNARD (M). He told a few stories to illustrate the spirit of religious tolerance which existed in France, Catholic priest and Protestant chaplain working side by side, night and day.

At the business meeting preceding the guest speaker, it was voted to lay on the table until September a motion to donate $50.00 to the YD Overseas Memorial. A costume party was announced for the night of April 18. The drill team under BEN JAMES (M) held a practice session following the meeting.

YD AUXILIARY

At the Annual Meeting of the YD Auxiliary the following officers were elected for the year 1928:—President, Mrs. Alice Snape; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Anna McKenna; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Allen Smith; Treasurer, Mrs. Edna Estabrook; Asst. Treasurer, Mrs. Marguerite Lang; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Lillian F. Gale; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Pearl Goodwin; Chaplain, Mrs. Arthur T. Buswell. The chairman of the various committees are: Auditing, Miss Pearl Goodwin; Hospital and Welfare, Mrs. Lillie M. Deale; Entertainment, Mrs. Leonard W. Snape; Membership, Mrs. F. W. Foss; Nominating, Mrs. Will F. Lawrence; Organization, Mrs. Lillian F. Gale; Sewing, Mrs. Mary E. Lynch; Social, Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins; Publicity, Mrs. Marion E. Drayton.

The Sewing Committee met at Mrs. Snape's home with quite a number present; a box luncheon was served and a pleasant and worthwhile afternoon was enjoyed. Their next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Gale, 63 Olney St., Dorchester, on Wednesday, March 28th, when it is hoped a large number will be present as a considerable amount of sewing for the hospitals is on hand.

Our Hospital group have been busy visiting the hospitals as usual and the welfare group have also been kept quite busy.

Monday, April 9th, a luncheon will be served at the Food Craft Shop, 711 Boylston St. We hope to see all our members and their friends present.

—MARION E. DRAYTON, Chairman of Publicity Com.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

Col. FRANK M. HUME (M) was in Bangor recently in the interests of the YD Memorial. He got in touch with several former YD men and reports much interest and enthusiasm. GEORGE MORRELL (M) is also doing good work in other parts of the State.

A committee from the club with JESSE MOODY (M) as Chairman is planning for the annual visit of General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM) on April 28th. This year it is hoped that Mrs. Edwards will accompany the General and the Auxiliary are planning to entertain her.

As evidence that the Portland Club is not unknown in the outside world, JESSE MOODY (M) received a letter from CLYDE OAKS (F Co. 103rd Inf.) of Dover-Foxcroft, inquiring about the activities of the club. Possibly Clyde may be persuaded to start a club there. Dover-Foxcroft was the home town of F Company.

We are glad to announce that Col. WILLIAM D. IRELAND has been chosen to complete the unexpired term of the late Col. John McBride on the Civil Service Commission. Col. IRELAND is a graduate of Bowdoin College in the Class of 1916, enlisted after the entry of the United States into the World War, attained the rank of Second Lieutenant, and received the Croix de Guerre for bravery in action. He is a past commander of the Harold T. Andrews Post, American Legion.

In a previous issue, mention was made of combining DOINGS with the American Legion. We protest this most heartily. Nothing against the Legion but DOINGS is a Gold Stripe paper, of a Gold Stripe outfit for Gold Stripe men and it must stay so. Our identity is lost when we merge with any other paper.

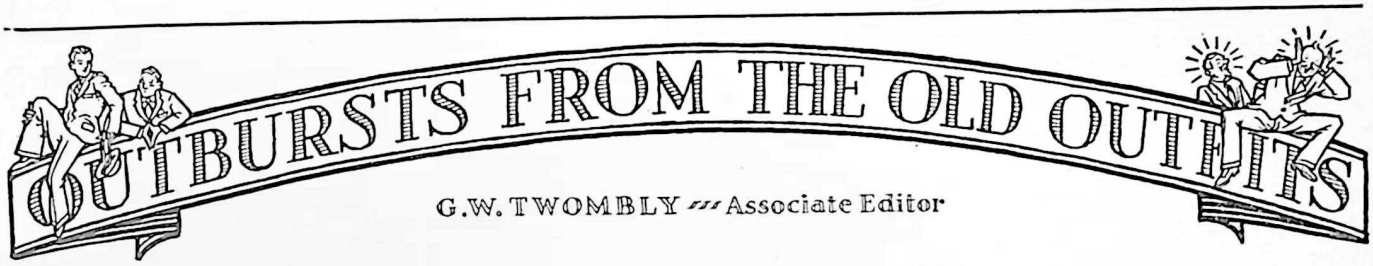
The monthly get-to-gether of the YD Club of Portland and its Auxiliary was held February 27th, when Dr. Joseph S. White, former ambulance driver of the French Army, addressed them. Mrs. Jesse Moody won a nail-driving contest, driving ten nails in forty-two seconds. Mrs. George Morrell was a close second. Clam chowder (with clams) was served by a very efficient kitchen detail consisting of ALFRED PETERSON, EDWARD DOUGHERTY, HAROLD KEATING (M) with GEORGE MORRELL (M) as Mess Sergeant. There was plenty of seconds!

A recent visitor in town was HERBERT ROLLINS (102nd F. A.) of Brockton, Mass. We are always glad to see our comrades from other states.

The Celestial bugler blew taps over two of our comrades who passed away recently. ESMOND C. LIVINGSTONE died February 18th at his home at Biddeford Pool. During the war he served with the C Co., 104th Inf., being in the engagement at Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, and the Meuse-Argonne and was severely gassed during one of the encounters. He was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him and his untimely death is deeply mourned by a host of relatives and friends.

The other comrade, JOHN T. JONES (company and regiment unknown) passed away after a short illness at his home in Bingham, Utah. He served thru the entire war with the 26th Division. His death was a result of the severe gassing received in service.

—"MINNIE LA TOUR" (M)



101ST INFANTRY ITEMS

"H—ER COMP."

On Friday night, February 24, the H Company Veterans had an entertainment at the Cambridge Armory in conjunction with the present H Company of the 101st Infantry. A large crowd was present and a program lasting three hours was enjoyed by all.

JIM SHAUGHNESSY was one of the boys we have not seen for a long time who showed up at the party.

Met WILLIAM "DUTCH" HOLLAND the other day, and contrary to the general belief, he insists he is not married.

DICK WHITE who has been in the Chelsea Naval Hospital is on the road to recovery.

We continue to hear from the boys of old "H—er Comp." in different parts of the country, and once more let us say that we should like to hear from every one of them who gets DOINGS. If by any chance you know anyone who belonged to the old outfit who doesn't get it, drop a line to the YD Club of Boston.

—E. H. C. (M)

102ND M.G. BATTALION

COMPANY A

If you see Postman 2222 about town, look him over, for he is RALPH D. PHINNEY of Winthrop. Ralph received training as a (Field Message not rhum) Runner in the grand old days, which probably helps in his present profession.

HAROLD A. BATTEN (M) of Boston—previously of West Medford—found time to assist the Nominating Committee, Y.D.V.A., choose a slate. The mention of time suggests that "Wednesday at Noon" has not yet secured his appearance,—or that of FORREST COOK (M) of Filene's. Is a change of place or time desirable?

Heard that C Company may join our battalion column. Why not, and B, and D? Impossible for one man to cover the doings of the entire Battalion—even one Company when too few let out rumors.

Congratulations are in order for JOHN R. SANBORN (M) for having urged us over the top in the Overseas Memorial drive. On February 1st our Battalion ranked second of all units, but there's no objection to sending in additional contributions to put us in first place.

Providence, Rhode Island, doesn't look so good in the winter after three weeks of golf and swimming in Florida. STEWART B. JOHNSTON (M) didn't say so, but we guess it.

From the mountains and valleys, wine cellars and skyscrapers, Y.D.V.A. men will flock to the Elks Hotel, April 7th. Among them will be many "A" men who are planning to sit together. Will you?

If you include advertising among your liabilities and want to join the liveliest (apologies to AL BARNARD) (M), noisiest, and other "ests" of Legion Posts consult GEORGE W. BENTLEY, JR. (M) for he's already inserted POP COVEY (M), BUCK FREEMAN (M), and ART HAVLIN (M), into membership in the Crosscup-Pishon Post.

Who's next? From out of the West—Denver, Colorado—GEORGE H. HAYES returned to his native shores, was gathered in by CLAUD NICHOLLS (M) and presented to the "Wednesday at Noon" group. After several years' absence, George expects to linger in Boston indefinitely.

Saw the machinery, the Board of Governors of the YD Club of Boston at work during a recent meeting at the City Club. No wonder that our Club is eminently successful—more so than we often realize. Another "A" man has seen the light and joined, HOWARD P. BURNHAM (M), but just Gus to us.

At this writing HARRY C. RODD (M) has been for some weeks oblivious to gatherings of "A" men. How come? And Harry isn't the only offender.

"Fall in!" for reminiscences of ten years ago this March. Chemin des-Dames, light blanket of snow, slush, putt-putt-putt, that sniper, warmer, shelled, quiet night, expected relief, poor old BILL MCKAY, lucky F. P. KING, relief, funeral, lamb for supper, Aizy and Jouey, baths, issue overseas caps, paid, thousands of gas shells, Braisne, cold and rainy, Brienne-le-Chateau, wet overcoats in the hot sun, Ville-sur-Terre, sore feet, five hikes, eggs and feather beds, Vesaignes, rest, demotions, off again, Brechainville, Easter.

—A. C. H. (M)

101st M. G. BATTALION

There is serious talk among the members of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion of having the June outing and get-together in the State of Vermont. We had many real good scouts from Vermont whom we would all like to see. We would also like to make it more attractive to them by meeting nearer their homes.

The old outfit is "motorized" more than ever, and unless "essence" goes up to $4.00 a gallon we can all probably make the hills of Vermont in a half day. Many of us have looked forward to this Green Mountain attack, and with the hearty co-operation of the plow-jockies, pumpkin jumpers, maple-tree-jerkers, lumber-jacks, bear-hunters and Mexican athletes (far from home) we can roll the boys from Hartford up there, and with the use of the speckled cubes, roll them after we get there.

Let's hear from some of you boys in Vermont. You don't often say much, but when you do, "row-de-dow."

ERNEST C. CLARK (M)

194 Washington Street,
Hartford, Conn.

103RD INFANTRY

SAM BROWN (I Co.) is now with the Immigration Bureau and is located in Detroit.

JOHN PEMBROKE (Sgt. Major), generally known as "Jake," has a position with the State of Massachusetts and is located at the State House in Boston.

ELMER T. GRIFFITH (I Co.) is now located in Portland with Dr. Gardiner, and has charge of his dental laboratory.

Doc. NILES (Hdqtrs. Co.) is convalescing in one of the Vermont Hospitals. Doc used to furnish us with some good amusement in the fistic arena in the days of '17 and '18.

WALTER LESSARD (M) (E Co.) is recovering from a mastoid operation in the hospital at Waterville.

Please send all 103rd Infantry Notes either to YANKEE DOINGS or to E. K. Hale, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

—E. K. H. (M)

101st MILITARY POLICE

JIM GARVIN is located at Framingham Junction with Hill Bros. Market. Jim is looking fine and has put on weight the past couple of months.

Saw JOE WILKINSON the other day. Joe had it pretty soft after his hurt on the Toul Sector. We all remember that Joe was always a first class entertainer; he was put on the hospital staff as one of their head-liners for the remainder of his time in France. He is also looking well and we understand is the proud father of a couple of huskies.

Had occasion to go over by old Camp Darling a while ago and thought I would take a look at the camp just for old time's sake. Well, it looked just as it did the day we pegged down our first tent; the past ten years has failed to wipe away the little trenches the boys made around their tents during the summer rains. Camp McGuiness where the old Fighting Ninth was located is used almost every day by some passing plane as a landing place. This field has on all four sides a series of red, white, and green lights that are put on long before dusk and left on throughout the night. Capt. Tom's hill across the way, to the east of the camp, has a large beacon light used for a guide to the night mail. This field, used as a camp since Civil War days will perhaps be one of the leading aviation centers of the State in time to come.

As BILL BROWN (M) said one night, "Every branch of the YD is now represented, even the M. P.'s are joining the club." Our latest member is WALTER TABOR (M) and we would be pleased to see more of the boys joining. Don't be a slacker, you wouldn't go thru a revolving door without doing your part, so why not join up now? Our monthly smokers can't be beaten, ask any one who heard CARROLL SWAN (M) at the last one.

The past three or four months there has been a lot of talk for and against YANKEE DOINGS and it took LYMAN B. COZZENS (M) to crack the nail on the head when he said in a few words that "It is more like an intimate letter sent out from our buddies to all the rest of our buddies." A better description couldn't be coined.

W. A. RICH (M) our former canteen keeper is back in Boston after a successful business trip through the West. Richie is on the road for a well-known Boston jewelry house.

HARRY BRUNDAGE is still very much alive and kicking, and, if reports are correct, he has been a very busy man the past two years. He has built something like ninety-six houses out and around New Jersey and a few around Boston. Harry was always a good wood butcher: he got a week on the woodpile up in Nogent-le-Roi.

AL GOODWIN is in the music business out in Wakefield and we also hear that DOBBSY BYRNES is a cabinet maker in the same town. Who killed the horse, Dobbsy?

For those who were unable to attend the last reunion of the Military Police it was voted to have a permanent date for the annual reunion. From now on it will be the first Saturday in November every year until further notice.

We were hit again at the last smoker, CARROLL SWAN (M) said KEVILLE'S (LM) outfit won the war with the help of a few M. P.'s. Another boost for us, we always knew where the best rum was to be had, s' Fact.

—R. C. P. (M)

ENGINEER ENTRIES

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT

FRANKLIN L. FAY, former Color Sergeant, passed away at his summer place in Magnolia, on February 29. He was a life member of the YD Club of Boston and a member of the YD Post, American Legion. Before the war, Frank was a member of the old First Corps of Cadets, and since his discharge from service, he has been a staunch supporter of every worthy project connected with the YD.

The funeral services held at Mt. Auburn Chapel on Friday, March 2, were attended by a large delegation from the Club and the Post.

Full military honors were accorded, by an Army firing squad from Ft. Banks.

OEUFS OF THE ORDNANCE

JOHN CASWELL, Jr. (M), after several years in New York and points South, has decided that perhaps Boston isn't so tough a place after all. 65 Franklin St. will find him daily hard at work trying to supply New England's groaning textile industry with some of its raw material.

MIKE LAWTON has been seen wandering in Forest Hills. Rumor hath it that Mike not only has done the act of matrimony some time ago, but also that the family is now four. Hey, Mike, show up some time; we want to hear about that wonderful old gray mare again.

"Ord. Dept.—'Shun, sound off. Let's hear what has become of the gang."

—J. C., Jr. (M)

WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The regular monthly meeting was held on February 6, Mrs. C. G. Francis presiding, after a month's absence in Louisville, Kentucky. Tea was served by E Company.

A bridge luncheon was held at the Foodcraft Demonstration Shop on February 27 with eighty members and their friends present.

The members of the Welfare Association will act as hostesses to the 101st Engineers on April 14 at the Cadet Armory. Supper will be served from 5.30 on, and there will be an orchestra to furnish music for dancing. Miss Charlotte Flynn is chairman of the committee in charge.

BUZZINGS OF B

The following is an up-to-date billet roster of B Company men in and about Brockton.

DOMINICK ALTUR works for C. A. Batson Co., Contractors and Builders. Single.

STANLEY C. BATTLES was last heard from teaching school in Providence, R. I. Married.

ARTHUR L. BLACKEY has returned from California and is in the automobile repairing business with his father. Married.

JOHN E. BLAKE, Jr., has given up the drug store business with his father and is with the Lackawana S.S. Co. Single.

EDWARD CLEVELAND is still in the insurance game in Boston. Married.

LLOYD A. EMERY, as manager of the Old Colony Motor Co. is "making a lady out of Lizzie." Married.

MERTON A. GASSETT is in the office of the City Engineer, Brockton City Hall. Married.

WILLIAM L. HALLETT (M) is manager of the Cloverdale Store in Milton. Married.

JAMES KEDIEN is still with the Sager Electrical Supply Co. Single.

EMERY LA LIBERTI is a draftsman in the office of W. F. Barlow, Architect. Married.

HERBERT C. MEURLING—last heard of still selling shoes. Single.

ALBERT NICKERSON (Old Al) has not been heard from in nearly two years. At that time he was going West, still single but had a steady.

WILLIAM NUGENT (Old Bill) was drowned at Magazine Beach a few years ago and is buried in Melrose Cemetery, Brockton.

ZIBA C. KEITH is in the advertising department of the George E. Keith Shoe Co. Single.

ARTHUR SHAW was last heard from in Paris. (Maine)

JAMES E. SWEANEY is superintendent of the Hazen Brown Co. Married.

WILLIAM WELLS is selling plumbing supplies in Peabody, Mass. Married.

KARL S. WHITE (M) is manager of the Bonney Box Co. Married.

NATHAN L. WHITTEN (Gluck) spends most of his time around Boston.

—W. L. H. (M)

CAPERS OF C

News that is news; DAN DEVINE has been located at Cedar Crest, Conn., by PIERCE (M). This is all we know of Danny, the Contractor.

KARL WEST is a newly appointed constable in Hyde Park to go along with his regular business of real estating.

H. E. SMITH (M) and the Mrs. have recently been host and hostessing a little southern beauty around Boston. H.E. is the official host of C Co.

We understand that PETE MCGARVEY (M) has been in seclusion ever since his Legion trip and if diamonds talk in the right direction it probably won't be so long now before Pete will head the column for an authenic bit of news. Best of luck, Pete.

FRANK FLEISCHNER has annexed himself to a purchasing agent's line for a candy concern in Cambridge, along with his regular line of auto insurance.

We understand BILL DOHERTY is a teacher in a high school somewhere in the suburbs of Boston.

PERLEY WHITE (M) made a decided hit with his trumpet at the ball of the 1st Corps. Perley is now one of the band there and we must admit it is some band.

TOM O'HARA dropped in at the club recently to look around. Tom is still contracting and likes it.

—C. W. Z. (M)

DOINGS OF D

On Saturday, April 14th, the Women's Welfare Association give their annual reunion between six and eleven o'clock. All of the 101st Engineers, A.E.F., are invited, wives and sweethearts included.

JOSEPH YOULDEN has been elected Finance Officer of the Norwood Legion Post No. 70.

THAYER QUINBY (M) has been made General Agent for the Columbian National Life Insurance Co. in their Springfield office. Thayer wants any of the old crowd who live near there or pass through to be sure to drop in and see him.

We hear that two more of the boys who moved to Florida have returned. CHARLIE SMITH (M) is now connected with a Coolidge Corner market and ALEXANDER has gone into the printing business.

Our old friend ARTHUR R. CUMMINGS has been heard from recently. His address is c/o Brock House, Rutland, Vermont.

We understand that HARRY SPENCER (M) is now located in New York.

Be sure to follow out secret instructions sent out in letter by YOULDEN and send check to JOHNNY RUSSELL, c/o Norwood Trust Company, Norwood, Massachusetts. We want this to be a big success and know that every man wants to be in on it.

This column will have to stop unless news is sent in. Let's hear from the boys who live outside Boston. Who will be the first to send in a letter to Edward F. Walker, 10 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

—E. F. W. (M)

ECHOES OF E

The Engineers haven't reached their quota in the Overseas Memorial drive and we hope every "E" man will get in on it, even if it's only a dollar or so, because its something we'd all regret in after years if we failed to be listed among those present when such a worth-while thing was put up to us.

While in New York for a few days last week your reporter had the pleasure of seeing HANK DROWN (M) and BILL BUXTON, both of whom wished to be remembered to you all. Also ran across GEORGE GILLMAN in between "halves" at a theatre. HANK has a son who is developing into a real ball player. We ought to get up a team of sons of "E" Co. and challenge the world!

"NIG" STUART has left the ministry for the time being but is still bringing light to the world in cooperation with the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston. Our reporter suggests that "NIC" broadcast some of his favorite war time songs over WEEI.

This is written on the holiday, February 22nd, and last night at the YD Club smoker we saw HAROLD BROWNSON, BUZZ REHILL, BOBBY PAUL, CHARLIE DODGE, CHARLIE WATSON, TOMMY WATSON, OKIE O'CONNOR, HUGHIE ROBERTS, RUSS FRANCIS, HARRY SPROUL, JAKE STAHL, JOHNNY PRIESTLEY, FRANK MCNALLY, FRED CAMPBELL, just to mention a few who come to mind off-hand. CARL PAYSON was also there and others may have escaped our notice or memory. ORVILLE CASELEY comes to mind now and someone said SIG HEIDEN was there too. All members of course.

CHESTER THOMAS (M) now has two sons—the second one he has named Chet, Junior.

ERNEST STEWARD has checked in with another boy. Now, ERNIE, CHARLIE HURTER (M) and RALPH EASTMAN (M) each has three sons. The latter's youngest one is trying to help write these "Echoes" and since he's but 15 months old he doesn't add much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

ARBIE THOMANN (M) is the proud father of a boy child. He showed up for the first time at a YD smoker to make the announcement. We don't recommend putting your wife in the hospital to enable you to get to the smokers, but that's one way it can be done.

Speaking of marriage, HERBIE THURSTON'S engagement has been announced and we congratulate Miss Higgins on her selection and we're sure she must be especially nice to attract a bachelor of such long standing as "Thursty."

The YD Club received a message that ROBERT TURNBULL is in Base Hopital No. 49, Philadelphia. We believe the address is 24 Gray's Ferry Road, but won't swear to that. Some of you fellows in his squad might like to drop him a line to cheer him up.

FRANK MCNALLY (M) is the proprietor of the Mack Battery Equipment and Supply Co., 664 Harrison Avenue, Boston. If you ever have a chance to direct any business his way, we feel safe in saying that he won't be insulted.

We had a great time some weeks ago when it was our privilege to see a private showing of the movies taken of our Company at Somy and we surely got a great "kick" out of seeing the boys parading in and out of CHET THOMAS' (M) bath house, HUTCH in his old khaki sleeveless sweater handing doughnuts to MATTY and Lt. WALLIN. DANNY GORTON and POP MORRISSEY showed up in great style.

—R. M. E. (M)

FANCIES OF F

The sudden death of S. GLEASON ALLEN on February 20, came as a shock to every member of F Company. He was alighting from the Colonial Express at Westerley, R. I., when he slipped and fell beneath the wheels before the train had come to a full stop. He died on the way to the hospital.

The funeral was held at Waterman's Chapel, 495 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, at 3.30, on Thursday, February 23. Nearly fifty members of F Company attended to pay their last respect to a gallant comrade. The American flag stood at the head of the casket, and the colors of the YD Club of Boston and the YD Post of the American Legion, of both of which organizations the deceased was a member, likewise stood by the body. The flag-draped casket lay amidst a profusion of flowers, among which was a wreath of pinks and sweet peas sent by F Company. Many other members of the YD Club attended the services.

The funeral service was conducted by the Reverend MANLEY F. ALLBRIGHT of Brookline, a former member of the Yankee Division. He touched briefly upon Mr. Allen's career as a soldier and a man of business, pointing out the value of a life that brings loyal comrades to the grave to pay honor to one of their number.

The burial was in Maine.

S. GLEASON ALLEN was born 37 years ago in Brooklyn, Maine, one of a family of 13 boys and girls. Prior to the war, he travelled for a millinery house. As a member of F Company we remember that he was first the company horse-shoer, and later mess-sergeant. He was a universal favorite among the men of the company.

He was married to the sister of LEW HERRICK (M), who died several years ago. On November 15, 1927, he married Miss Martha CaThell. A note of gratitude has been received from Mrs. Allen for the floral offering.

The members of the company take this opportunity to offer their deepest sympathy to the widow and all other relatives of the deceased.

HEN FREDERICKS (M) and Mrs. Fredericks report the arrival of a son on February 13. Mother and son doing finely. We are sorry to announce that Henry lost his father on February 22, after a lingering illness.

CHARLIE GANT (M) has written in from Wilmington, Delaware, for a set of PHIL KINGSBURY'S (M) pictures of F Company in France. Charlie also has nice things to say about YANKEE DOINGS, which modesty forbids us to repeat. He expects to be able to take in the E-F party in May.

Speaking of PHIL KINGSBURY (M), we now have a complete copy of his Pictorial History of F Company at the Club. A few of the boys have looked it over and made selections. Whenever you are around this way, ask to see it. There are many pictures you would like to have. Phil has written us another good letter expressing his joy at regaining contact with the boys through YANKEE DOINGS. (He has just joined up.)

DARRAGH HIGGINS (M) who, we thought, had disappeared after the fashion of his fellow townsman JOHN LOCKWOOD, has come to the surface again. He gives as his address, Altoona Road, Findlen, Mass. If you don't know where that is, we'll tell you. Findlen is a part of Readville, which is a part of Hyde Park, which is a part of the City of Boston. So it isn't so far in the sticks after all.

FRANK HENDERSON (M) made his first appearance on any stage since the War at the February smoker at the Club. He is looking fine and promises to be more in evidence in the future.

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See: JOHN KELLY (M) or R. W. Robertson

As you will note elsewhere in this issue, STANLEY J. CLIFFORD (M) won the third prize for the solution of last month's code message.

BURT DEARBORN (M) is the latest recruit to join the YD Club. "What kep' yer?"

At last accounts 35 members of F Company had contributed to the YD Overseas Memorial. What kind of a record is that for F Company?

—P. N. S. (M)

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

Captain EVERETT L. COLWELL, 419th U. S. Infantry, formerly Supply Sergeant, Co. K., 104th Infantry, has taken unto himself a wife. The young lady sure has good sound judgment in making her choice for a life partner. All who served with him in the old outfit will vouch for his character and amicable disposition.

THOMAS FITZGERALD, (G Co.) died on the 24th of February at the U. S. V. Hospital, Rutland, Mass. This was sad news to all of Tommie's friends as he was very popular throughout the regiment.

Following are the number of officers and their grades who served in the 104th U. S. Infantry during 1917–1918–1919:

Colonels	6
Lt. Colonels	3
Majors	13
Captains	49
Ist Lts.	114
2nd Lts.	76
Total	261

How did the other units of the regiment fare? Company K. left the U. S. with 250 enlisted men and six officers. Three officers from Springfield, one from Brookline and two from Plattsburg training camp. Seventeen officers and 366 enlisted men served in the company during the War. Three officers were killed. Four were wounded. One hundred and eight enlisted men were wounded. Thirteen were wounded twice, 15 enlisted men were either killed in action or died of wounds. One died of disease.

Ten non-commissioned officers were commissioned during the War. Three were recommended for commissions and were in the Army Candidate School on November 11, 1918. Four were assigned to schools as instructors, two as gas instructors, one on grenades and small arms at 1st Corps School, Gondrecourt, and one as an instructor of bayonet at Special Training Battalion. Up to November 11, 1918, three officers and five enlisted men were awarded the D. S. C. One enlisted man, D. S. C. and Belgian Cross. One officer and three enlistecd men the French War Cross. Three officers were recommended for the D. S. C. and eight enlisted men. Beside these four officers and 24 enlisted men were sighted.

Since the reunion and dedication of the mural painting of the decoration of the colors last April, a great deal of comment has been heard in regard to what should be done to finish the setting.

First, we all understood a bronze placque was to be set at its base telling the world what it all meant. There seems to be some hitch about that, even though the Association did raise most of the money to pay for it. Now comes along another very good suggestion in the way of protecting the painting from unintentional damage by the public. You have often seen people looking at something of this kind and pointing out certain features with a cane, umbrella, or with the finger. This practice would, of course, soon mar its appearance. Again if a corner of the canvas should work loose, prying fingers would in time make a very unsightly looking job of it. This is the suggestion of Lt. WILLIAM FORREST, (B Co.), of putting a brass rail in front of it from which could be suspended a brass plate with the desired wording on it.

Give it a little serious consideration. Be sure the 104th U. S. Infantry Veterans' Association knows just what it wants, then go ahead and accomplish its mission.

Well, we are getting inquiries about the reunion to be held in Greenfield, April 27th and 28th. I guess Captain PAUL MCCAMPBELL, (L Co.) intends to be there strong. Missed him last year. Well, who wouldn't? Ask the whole 3rd Battalion.

Lt. GEORGE LARKIN (M) (M Co.) is also nosing around. It sure gets under the skin about now and you sure have to see the old bunch and, well, you know how it is. "Do you remember the time in . . . " etc., etc.

Went to a Springfield Post No. 21, American Legion banquet February 21st in the Hotel Bridgeway. Saw the following 104th veterans there: DON KERSHAW (M) (Hdqtrs. Co.); BLISS (M), GAGNON, CLARK, WALKER (M), CARLE, MCCANN (M), (Medical Corps); CONNELLY (M), JALETTE, BAND, FALES (M), SHEAR, (M. G. Co.); FORREST, (B Co.); WOODRUFF, Commander Association, (D Co.); HINES (M) (K Co.).

—G. A. R. (M)

103rd MACHINE GUN BATTALION

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

I expect to be at the reunion in April, whether I do so with a pass or go A.W.O.L. Every member of the old outfit should be there regardless of his circumstances. It's up to his company buddies to see that each man answers when Assembly blows. No excuses should be accepted. There are various ways and means of transportation. I expect to soar, sail, ride, or hike myself and if there is one among our number who has not the necessary franc, then it's about time he learned to hop a freight (American style).

My buddy and bunk-mate, ARTHUR MCCORMICK, died last Christmas at his home in Providence. Arthur was badly gassed at Verdun, but, like the game fellow he was, he refused hospitalization, and subsequently suffered

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untold agony. He died without a cent of compensation and I am trying to help his mother to receive that which was due him.

In addition to Arthur, who was in my company (A Co., 103rd M. G. Bn.), another brother, FRANK MCCORMICK, served in Battery C, 103rd Field Artillery. Frank is now a 2nd Lieutenant of Artillery in the Rhode Island National Guard.

I met ex-Lieutenant BART KILEY a few days ago. He is Chief of Personal Service in the New York office of the Veterans Bureau.

JOSEPH P. "BUCK" O'BRIEN, D.S.C.

New York,
February 25

CONGRATULATIONS

A daughter, Beverly Lorraine, weighing 9½ pounds, was born January 12, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES J. NELSON, of Amsterdam, N. Y. Mr. NELSON (M) was a member of the Ordnance Detachment, 101st Train Headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. HENRY T. FREDERICKS announce the arrival of a son on February 13. Henry (M) was in F. Company, 101st Engineers.

A daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. EARL B. MACMILLAN on January 28. MACMILLAN (M) was a member of E Company, 101st Engineers.

CLYDE W. RUSSELL (M) (I Co., 101st Inf.) writes from Sunset, Washington, "Things didn't go so bad in this part last year as we had a nine pound boy arrive July 31, name, Dwight Wilbur. That makes one girl and two boys."

John Caswell, 3rd, answered "Hoo" to reveille roll call on February 11, 1928. Mr. and Mrs. JOHN CASWELL, JR. (M) are pleased to advise that the Ordnance Sergeant of 1948 is coming along nicely. John was sergeant of the Ordnance Detachment, 101st Engineers.

A. P. O. NO. 709

Upon one of the bells in the new carillon in the "Singing Tower" of the City Hall at Albany is engraved the following inscription, "In memory of Lieut. ORVILLE PARKER JOHNSON, 103rd Machine Gun Battalion, 26th Division, A.E.F., killed in action July 18, 1918, Torcy, France. Presented by the Masonic Bodies of Albany District as a testimonial to his father, R. W. Charles Henry Johnson."

There are now 1845 veterans of the World War confined as patients in New England Hospitals, according to the latest compilation by Major Percy Cantwell of the Veterans Bureau. Massachusetts leads the other states with a total of 874 patients.

HENRY V. "HANK" O'DAY (M) (A Batt., 101st F. A.), who is, or was last we knew, Adjutant of Massachusetts Department, V. F. W., recently won the nomination for Town Clerk of Brookline.

General SHERBURNE (LM) has resigned from the Society of the 40 and 8, because of the discrimination shown in its eligibility requirements which bar out all but men of the white race. The General commanded a brigade of negro artillery for a time during the war, and in addressing a colored society recently, spoke highly of the valor of those troops. It is rumored, and in this we may be scoring a scoop, that General SHERBURNE will be a candidate for political office in this State next fall.

EARL B. MACMILLAN (M) (E Co., 101st Engrs.) would like to hear from FRANKLIN SMITH, formerly a sergeant in the Machine Gun Co., 103rd Infantry.

TAPS

THOMAS "TIMMY" WALSH, formerly of K Company, 101st Infantry, died on February 20, at his home in Clinton, Massachusetts.

SIMON GLEASON ALLEN, formerly of F Company, 101st Engineers, was killed in alighting from a train at Westerley, R. I., on February 20. He was a member of the YD Club of Boston and of YD Post 290, A.L. Further notice in F Company column.

Dr. WALTER B. JAMESON, formerly of the 101st Field Signal Battalion, died in Augusta, Georgia, some time in December, 1927.

CHARLES J. BOSWORTH, formerly of the 102nd Field Artillery, whose home was in Fall River, died on February 11. He was an officer on the Boston police force.

ESMOND C. LIVINGSTONE, formerly of C Company, 104th Infantry, died at his home in Biddeford Pool, Maine, on February 18. He was a former member of the YD Club of Boston. He leaves a widow, a mother, and three sisters.

FRANKLIN L. FAY, formerly Color Sergeant of the 101st Engineers, a life member of the YD Club of Boston and a member of the YD Post, American Legion, died of pneumonia, on February 29, at Magnolia, Massachusetts.

ARTHUR MCCORMICK, formerly of A Company, 103rd Machine Gun Battalion, died in December, 1927, at his home in Providence, R. I.

YD AUXILIARY ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

At the close of the business meeting on Wednesday evening, March 7th, a pie social was held. Mrs. Leonard W. Snape was in charge, assisted by Mrs. Arthur T. Buswell, Mrs. Randall, Mrs. McKenna, Miss Mae Hart, Mrs. Gladys McDowell, Mrs. Mildred Pearlman and Mrs. Anna Casey.

The committee are quite busy formulating plans for the year which will include a big whist party after Easter, also a Banquet, a Play, Pedlars Parade, Supper, Costume Party and a few other real good times. They plan to run something each month if possible, to raise money to carry on our work and, with the help of each and every member, they hope to make these affairs a great success.

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